

Living Happy

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Living Happy

by [HyphenL](#)

Summary

Alana recommends Will to a sex therapist, who's actually more of an escort, who actually doesn't have sex with his patients and still manages to get them hooked and get paid a load of money.

AU where Hannibal isn't a murderous cannibal because Mischa Lecter is alive (so you'll meet her).

Notes

Betaed by Toft on AO3.

Yet another take on "what if Hannibal wasn't a murderer?" I'm not used to write in this style (I usually go more into details for a scene), so this was a bit new for me.

New chapter each Wednesday and Friday. Feedback is appreciated!

First Appointment

Chapter Notes

E-BOOK for those who read in public transports as I do:

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/hyphen-1/living-happy/ebook/product-21646900.html>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



“This isn't good. You can't go on like this.” Alana looked at Will with concern.

“I'm fine, Alana.”

“When was the last time you ate? The last time you slept properly –did you even go out with friends at all this last couple of months?”

“*Friends*” Will hissed, rubbing his eyes tiredly. “I don't have time with this job, Al; and quite frankly, I'm not sure anyone should be allowed to come near me.”

“Then quit” she said, always the pragmatic. “Tell Jack to piss off, and take his profiling and murders cases with him.”

Will chuckled. “I hope he won't forget the nightmares.”

Alana observed him attentively, as if she were balancing something in her mind.

“What?” he asked. “You look like you want to offer me tickets to the moon.”

“A little” she smiled. “But I have something better in mind.”

A sex therapist.

A “sex” therapist, slash *escort*.

How on earth could that be called “better”?

Will sighed, clicking distractedly on the tabs of the website Alana had recommended him.

“Hannibal is a good friend of mine” she'd said. “And I can guarantee he provides a top notch service.”

“And you can guarantee that how, exactly?...”

She'd assured him that her and her “friend” had never slept together.

“Actually, you'd be surprised at how seldom he sleeps with his patients” she said. “Apparently, most of them come to talk.”

“They would go to an actual therapist if they only wanted to talk” he'd pointed out.

The online questionnaire he was supposed to fill in seemed to confirm his hunch. This guy may have had a degree in psychoanalysis, but he was mainly an escort.

“Names I'd like to be called...” he mumbled, reading some of the lines out loud. “I don't know. Will, probably?” There were boxes he could check in labelled “darling”, “dear”, “love”, and the such. He clicked on some of them with a dreadful sense of shame.

“Like I'm going to go see him anyway” he reassured himself. One of his dog lifted an interrogative head at that, and Will soothed him with a little petting.

One good thing about that Lecter dude is that he was thorough. The standard price for a session was a reasonable fifty dollars, but the patients were duly informed that only included

being admitted in his office, and that the final payment usually amounted to ten times that.

“The guy must be filthy rich” Will grunted, stupefied people would be willing to pay so much for a little rub and squeeze.

Everything cost money, from pet names up to the actual sex. There again, the questionnaire was very clear on the fact that not everything was to be actually done during the session.

“Basically, I can go nuts and check in all those little boxes and do nothing of it during the show. Yeah me!”

His nearest dog yelped enthusiastically too, and William shushed him. “I’m talking about my sex life, Winston. Not yours.”

There were some kinky stuff listed that Will could barely look at. Alana was totally wrong if she thought her “friend” was not getting laid.

Some more intimate questions sparkled the questionnaire, like little, discreet ways of enquiring about the mental state of the crazy person who was filling up an online application for sex.

“Am I single? Duh. How long since my last fuck? I’m not even that old. Do I enjoy going out with friends? ...What’s that last word again?”

Will clicked away with a sigh, feeling utterly stupid and ashamed of himself. Normal people had healthy(-ish) relationships, and could get a shag once in a while without needing to pay for it.

He almost dropped the matter twice or more, but the image of Alana’s concerned face and a certain curiosity kept him going.

When he was finally done, he validated his answers and an elegant pop up informed him that Dr Fancypants would examine his application and contact him through an e-mail to establish a meeting date and an estimate of how much banging him would cost.

Lecter’s waiting room was small, wooden, cosy, and luxurious. A leather-bound menu waited on the varnished coffee table by the sofa, which resembled much the one Will would have expected to see on the table of a top nosh restaurant –only it contained illustrated lists of kinks and sex toys instead of food. Oh, no –there was actually a section about prices for food. Three menus: “Casual, Intimate, Special Occasion”. No meal was detailed, but Will thought maybe that whole section on culinary preferences or allergies of the questionnaire had it covered.

At 3 pm precisely the door to the office opened on a man Will sincerely hoped was the receptionist, because he was old and frankly quite odd looking, what with his lack of eyebrows and all.

“Good evening William. I am Doctor Lecter, glad to meet you.”

Oh.

This must have been why Lecter was a sex therapist and not officially an escort. Therapists didn't need to be pretty.

Well, at least he was neat, Will thought as he followed his three-piece-suit into a warm, dim-lighted office. It was all wooden, like the waiting room, but very large, with a ladder which led to a balcony filled with shelves and books. Curtains were drawn on the large windows, dimming the light and bathing the room in a soothing atmosphere.

“Please, make yourself at home” Lecter invited, gesturing to the chair, sofa and large double bed elegantly arranged one near another.

Will went for the bed. There was a small bedside table near it, with an old fashioned lighted lamp on it, and a round glass of whisky on rocks that smelled divine.

“I took the liberty of pouring you a drink” the doctor said. “Please tell me if you need anything else.”

Will wasn't sure right now. The bed was cosy enough to sit on, the soft atmosphere soothing to his tormented senses, and the whisky tasted delicious. For a tired moment, he feared he was going to doze off. Were there crickets singing in the background?

“This is just like home” he chuckled, a tad uneasy. “How do you know I'd like crickets?”

“Is it not my task to work out such things?” Lecter answered softly.

Will lifted his eyes to watch him, and wondered how he was actually supposed to have sex with the man. He was pleasant enough, but not attractive at all. And too neat.

But maybe this was meant to be purely mechanical.

Lecter approached him casually, but slowly, as if he could sense and defuse Will's nervousness as he walked. Once he was in front of him he squatted carefully, and gently put his hands on the side of Will's hands; lightly.

His eyes were the most peculiar shade of brown.

“Are you comfortable, William?” he asked him softly.

Will had never asked the man to call him that. Only his parents had called him that, and this was in a past far, far away. It was unnerving.

“I'd rather you call me Will” he said.

“As you wish” the man obliged.

No, really, no, he wasn't to Will's taste. A bit too old, and with piercing eyes.

“I– I'm not sure I...”

“If you are ready” the man interrupted, “we might begin the session.”

Will felt a pang of irritated fear pass through him. He didn't like this. This wasn't going well.

“I will leave for a moment” Lecter added. “Know that you can ask me anything you want, anytime. I am here to listen to you. Always.”

“I'm not sure about this” Will blurted out. “It's... it's so strange.”

The old man didn't seem fazed by it. “Do you wish to call it off?” he asked. “There will be no additional fee to the standard payment.”

Will hesitated.

“Maybe a little longer” the man stated, gently brushing the side of Will's arm. He rose to kiss him on the forehead, right where his curls started their growth. His mouth lingered, not too long, just long enough for its hotness to diffuse on Will's skin, and so softly.

Will remembered how starved for touch he was, and couldn't help but lean into it.

“I will be back shortly” Lecter said, standing up suddenly and taking his warmth with him. “Please make yourself at ease, tuck yourself into bed.”

So, that's what he did. Lured in lonely dejects and dangled the promise of contact in front of them.

Will mumbled as the other went out, feeling more pitiful and miserable than ever.

Reduced to banging a stranger he didn't even find attractive.

He undressed and put his things aside on the coffee table next to the bed.

Curiously, there was a change of a grey T-shirt and brief on the even smallest table next to the bedside table, just as Will's pyjamas were. Will wondered if Lecter wasn't also a stalker.

He didn't put the clothes on, rather uncovering down to his boxers. He was here for sex after all, not for nap time. He tucked himself into bed and gosh, wasn't this the best bed. Clean and comfy and soft and warm.

He would have fallen asleep on the spot.

“Why can't I have this kind of mattress at home” he grumbled, feeling already more relaxed.

Maybe he could ask Lecter where to find his bed-dealer.

A tiny grinding noise: the door through which Lecter had disappeared re-opened, leaving room to the same man in an elegant silk pyjama and nightgown, bare footed, and a tad dishevelled as if he had just came out from a shower or from brushing his teeth.

It felt so fucking weird Will was about to laugh –when the lights went off.

There was only his dim bedside table lamp left shining like a little boat on a lake, and a soft light through the curtains, then again so softly he could only barely make out the contours of the rest of the office. Darkness was around him like walls, as if he truly were in a bedroom.

For an second, he admired his therapist's sense of scenery.

Lecter was approaching casually, as if this had happened before.

"I hope you had a good day" he said as if he was the most normal thing ever. "You can tell me about it if you want."

Will's heartbeat fastened. This was all too strange. Though he felt paralysed.

Lecter got around the bed to close the curtains, plunging them in sharper darkness. Then he came back, took off his dressing-gown and carefully folded it away. Will felt the bed sink under his weight.

The man slid under the covers as if it was the most natural thing to do, and Will thought, "this is it. This is when I do the weirdest thing of my life".

He didn't dare move. Lecter paused, looking at him curiously, then gently stroke his cheek, as in thought. Finally, he leaned in to kiss Will.

The young man lifted his head to meet his lips, but Lecter was going for his temple.

It was frustrating, but so good at the same time. Comforting.

Then Lecter tucked himself gently around Will's body, wrapping himself against his back, and rested his head against the other's. "Won't you tell me about your day, Will?"

"My day sucked. Can't we just have sex, now?" Will asked, feeling like a pouty child.

Lecter chuckled. "You're so impatient."

"Maybe I'm so impatient because here time costs money" he replied, a tad rudely, but in a joking tone that surprised himself.

The other kissed him on the cheek, softly, and ran his hands across Will's chest.

Will closed his eyes.

"What sucks, Will?" the velvet voice asked in his ear.

Oh, yeah. The therapy part of the sex.

"Everything" Will groaned. "My boss is an authoritative jerk, and if you have to know, I work on crime scenes so yeah, everyday is pretty much gory and everyday pretty much sucks."

"But there is a reason you're doing this job" Lecter gently pressed on.

Will sighed and turned to face the man. “Look, are we doing this or not?”

The therapist's lips slightly curved up, and Will remembered what he'd said. *You're so impatient.*

He felt the tip of his ears redden.

“It's... it's just...”

The man leaned in, kissing him lightly on the cheek, and oh.

That was good.

He moaned and wrapped himself like a giant octopus around the man, pushing him on his back to kiss him better.

Lecter turned his head as he was chuckling lightly –Will missed his mouth, kissed him on the cheek.

In this light, relaxed against the pillow with a smile on his face and hair everywhere, Lecter looked like a life-long partner fondly complying to a whim. His large hands slid up to rest against Will's waist.

“What do you want, William?”

William.

Will snapped, rubbed his face with both hands and sat up.

“Alright, this is *not* doing it for me. My life is difficult enough as it is” he started, feeling the anger build up in his chest. “I don't have to stand for this. I already have a terrible job, which I love because I'm saving lives and apparently nobody else can do it, but it's still horrible and filled with blood and disgusting crime scenes and dead bodies; and I can't make friends, because I'm socially inadequate, oh, and, the girl I like also likes girls, and now the therapist's *she's* recommended to me so I could at least get laid is trying to charm me out of sex. Yeah, that's my life. I'm *that* miserable.”

Lecter was listening attentively, stroking Will's hair.

“I wish it could be easier” Will sighed. “Like, once I've caught the killers, there aren't more killers left to catch, or Jack not being on my back all the time like a barking watch dog, or Ala– my girl friend being interested in being, you know, my *girlfriend*.”

He felt a soothing kiss in his hair and instinctively squeezed the warm body under his. Arms wrapped around him as an answer, cradling him with care and comfort. He let himself sink into their warmth.

“I'm so tired of it all” he murmured. “I wish I could take a vacation, go to the moon or something.”

He felt the other man curl around him like a nest, firm and warm, solid, and soothing.

Hands stroking his back and arms, delicate kisses on his temple, on his cheek. "You could take one now" his soft voice suggested, low and comforting like a warm blanket.

"What like, like what? A nap?" Will chuckled in disbelief.

"If you want that" the other answered.

"I'm not taking a nap here" Will said. "I'm not here for a nap."

"This is your time, Will. You do with it as you wish. What do you want?"

"I want to have sex" Will mumbled, curling up against the other and tightening his grip around his chest. "I want to have hot, maddening, sweaty sex" he added, closing his eyes and resting his head against Lecter's shoulder. He locked his legs around the man's own, and squeezed him closer.

"Just maybe not right away" he whispered. "Maybe we can stay like this just a little before."

A soft hand caressing his head.

"As you wish, William."

When Will woke up, he felt like he'd slept a month and honestly, he didn't remember when he'd last felt so well rested. A soft light was filtering through the opened curtains, and a gentle hand was holding his. He lazily stretched out.

"What's going on? What time is it?"

"Six o'clock" a soft voice told him. "I am afraid this is when our time together ends."

"Six o'clock?!?" Will exclaimed, practically jumping to his feet. "Why didn't you wake me??"

"Because we agreed on an horary that covered three to six p.m, and on a certain fee that was not overstepped."

Lecter was back in his impeccable three-piece-suit and neatly combed. "I pride myself on my respect of the exactitude of the engagement I make with my patients."

Will looked around, feeling a tad lost.

"B- but..."

"You had not anticipated this situation."

"No! I thought we'd be done in an hour or so and..."

“Do you feel unsatisfied?”

Will bit his lower lip. “Yeah, no. You know I don't.”

“Good.”

The man stood up and gestured towards Will's clothes. “I will grant you a moment of privacy so you can dress.”

“Okay, wait.”

Will had seized him by the arm without thinking. “We didn't even *have* sex” he remarked, feeling somehow this was still important.

Lecter's lips curved up and whispered: “Maybe next time.”

Chapter End Notes

What, you expected sex? During a sex session of escort therapy? I bet this is your first time reading one of my fics... (Though I promise, there will be very kinky smut at some point. Not when Will expected it though).

Second Appointment

Chapter Summary

Will has his second session with Hannibal. They bump into a much displeased Franklyn.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will felt quite silly at making another appointment with Doctor Lecter.

For one, he was not attracted to the man. And last time, they hadn't even fucked, which he found odd for a sex therapist slash escort, especially such a pricy one.

But a bubbly feeling in his chest and buzzing warmth in his ears forced him to go back on Lecter's website to ask for another session.

On the following morning, he received a positive e-mail that made him blush. Its content was utterly professional, and anyone would have believed it mostly benign; but the single fact of going back to that man felt weird to Will.

“Well”, he told his nearest dog as he was scratching her behind the ears. “*Que sera, sera*”.

The feeling of oddness followed him three weeks later in the small waiting room of Lecter's office.

This time, the therapist had offered him to come at six and stay as long as he wished until nine p.m.

Will was no fool: that guy was probably good enough to make him stay that long.

He wondered what the man had staged this time. Probably not another display of bed-time intimacy, or at least, Will wished they would go at it if that was the case.

Then six pm struck and the door to Dr Lecter's office opened. Will suddenly remembered he wasn't that attracted to the man. Although, well. He had to admit, Lecter knew how to look sharp.

“Good evening, William.”

“Good evening, Doctor L— wow. This smells good —this smells *incredible*. What is it?”

His therapist smiled slightly. “Dinner. At least, if you would join me?”

“You're kidding me? I feel like I could eat a horse right now. What the hell is in that *smell*?”

Dr Lecter hold the door for him and Will all but dived in the delicious aroma of his office, like a morsel of bread plunged in creamy soup. As he turned to ask again about it, he saw his therapist's face pale.

“Franklyn” Hannibal told a little plump man that had just entered the waiting room with a crumpled paper in his hand. “You should not be here.”

“What is the meaning of this?” the man retorted, showing what he was holding with much agitation. “You're *terminating my therapy*?”

“I am” Doctor Lecter answered calmly. “I believe it would do you no good to keep seeing me.”

“Well, can't I be the judge of that?” the other replied. “I don't understand, I thought we were friendly!”

“I am your therapist, Franklyn, not your friend.”

“What is going on?” Will asked, already on the lookout out of old FBI habit. “Is this man bothering you?”

“It is alright” Lecter answered, putting a soothing hand on Will's shoulder. “Franklyn will be on his way.”

“The hell I will be!” the other exploded. “You can't just treat me like that. Talk to me like a friend one day, and cut me off the next!”

“As it is stated very clearly in my terms and conditions policy, I save myself the right to terminate therapy with a patient at any time and for any reason I see fit. I sincerely believe pursuing this therapy with me will do you no good, Franklyn. This is why I am giving you a referral.”

“*A referral*?” the man almost choked. “But, Doctor Lecter!”

“Now Franklyn, please. I am with a patient” Lecter told him, guiding him gently but firmly towards the door. “If you truly want to discuss the issue further, you may do so by e-mail.”

The little man looked at him with such distress Will felt bad for him. “No. You can't do that to me” he stammered, turning to face his therapist and hugging him tightly. “I *need* you.”

“You don't” Lecter answered gently, putting soft, soothing hands on the man's back. “Now, Franklyn, *please*.”

The small man detached himself from the doctor, looking at him with teary eyes. “It's not fair” he said.

Lecter didn't answer and gently pushed him towards and through the door. “You will be alright” he told him. “And you'll see; Mr. Budge can do wonders.”

He closed the door behind him and took a second to breathe.

Then he turned briskly back towards Will Graham.

“I apologise for the delay” he told him unapologetically. “Obviously, you will not be charged for the time just lost.”

Will was nervously switching from one foot to another.

“So, is that how I go?” he asked in a light tone, trying to defuse his own queasiness.

By the look on his therapist's face, the joke wasn't that funny.

“Franklyn was getting attached to me” he answered nonetheless. “In an unprofessional manner. As long as you remember I am here to help you during a difficult time and not to start a relationship with you, there will be no issue.”

Will bit his lower lip. “How do you know I'm going through a difficult time?”

Lecter smiled slyly. “You have a therapist.”

Half an hour in during his session, Will noticed he wasn't much in the mood for sex again.

Sat in a comfortable armchair by a very convincing ethanol fuelled fireplace with a glass of scrumptious brandy in hand, facing his therapist who was expertly guiding conversation to make it pleasant yet meaningful, he thought how he could simply drift off and spend the rest of the day merely looking at the flames.

Although he was growing hungrier by the minute, and the enticing smell of dinner was making him salivate already.

“Can't we start eating?” he asked –almost whined– looking at the plates covered with silver domes in curiosity. “You haven't even told me what we are having.”

“It is barely half past six. Do you really want to start eating now?”

Will grit his teeth. “It will get cold.”

“Not with the heaters maintaining the dishes warm.”

Will winced. “So what, we're passing time now? Should we have sex?”

“Do you want to?”

The young man wiggled in his chair. “Not right now. But you know this time we *will* have sex, right?”

“If this is what you want.”

“Gosh, you're infuriating.”

Lecter smiled.

He wasn't that ugly.

Not even plain, just a little odd. Maybe not that old.

“How old are you anyway, fifty?” Will asked, feeling a bit rude.

“Forty seven.”

Will got out his mind calculator. He was thirty-eight himself, so that made a gap of about... nine years between them. He stroke his chin with a finger, leaning against the back of his chair.

“You know, at first I didn't find you that attractive, but you're kind of growing on me.”

Lecter chuckled a little, and smiled. “I will take that as a compliment.”

“Well, it kinda is. Actually, looking closely, your features are kinda pretty.”

“Are you trying to charm me, Mr Graham?”

Will looked away with a flushed smile, feeling more comfortable with flirting than he had even been. Probably because there would be no consequences.

“In the start, I thought paying about fifty hundred box for a therapy session was a scam” Will said. “But you're actually pretty good. I'd never been comfortable with people, not even my closest friends. But I'm not even scared of telling you this.”

“Nor should you be” Lecter answered with a soft smile. “This is your time Will. I am here at your disposal.”

For a second, Will pondered about jumping the man there and then.

Instead, he gestured at the hidden dinner. “So, what's that one? As your estimate of the cost of our session was massively higher than the last, I hope that's at least a menu of the 'Intimate' level.”

“It is” Lecter nodded.

“And so, uh. Did you cook it yourself?” Will asked, wondering from which kind of caterer a man like Doctor Lecter got his meals.

“I did.”

Will blinked.

“What, really?”

"I enjoy cooking as a hobby" the man answered. "Furthermore, I find it easier to please a guest by adapting recipes to their own taste than by hiring a caterer."

"Damn. Now I've really got to try this" Will said, looking at the silver domes and hesitating as to which take off first.

"I suggest starting with the appetizers" Lecter proposed, taking off a bell to reveal small coloured mouthfuls of whatever.

Will tryingly took a creamy looking one and gave it a bite.

"This is *amazing*" he startled, looking at the thing as if it were alien. "Is there salmon in here? I love salmon! Oh gosh, I'm never eating anything else."

He finished the bite and looked for another similar one on the plate, but find out there where all different.

"No more salmon?" he asked, almost distressed at the idea he wouldn't be tasting the thing again.

"At least, not as such" Lecter answered, amused at his guest's behaviour.

Will pouted and took another appetizer, already disappointed because there was no way anything could ever taste as good as—

"Oh, dear *lord!*" he muttered, closing his eyes in stupefaction. "This is even better than the first one. Screw you, I'm taking *these* to bed" he stuttered. "Did you really make them?"

Lecter nodded and Will let out a sharp breath. "Is this when most of your clients ask you to marry them?" he said, taking another mouthful and moaning in delight.

"Most of them usually wait until the main course" his therapist answered with a gracious smile, pouring Will a glass of white wine.

"You should be a chef. Why aren't you a chef? You could end wars with these baddies" he mumbled, already reaching for another. "Is this what sex therapy is really about? Because I could totally get an orgasm from that."

He suddenly noticed how much non-sense he'd been babbling and straightened up in his chair, ashamed. "Uh, sorry."

"You don't have to apologise to me, Will."

But the young man still felt embarrassed.

"I guess I've been quite rude to you since... well" he said. "I didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

Lecter lowered his eyes in a gracious bow of acceptance.

It was like going to the doctor and ending up watching a ballet.

Will reached for another appetizer when he noticed Lecter had not had a bite yet.

“You don't want one?”

“Do not worry about me, dear William” the man answered. “I will have plenty to eat when the main dish is revealed.”

“Yeah but...” Will looked at the new starter he was holding. “I mean, come on! This is too good not to share. You should totally have one.”

“If this is what you want.”

The man choose precisely the starter that looked least appealing to Will. As if he'd made it specifically for this. Will frowned.

“Do you wish to tell me about your work?” Lecter asked, pouring himself a glass of wine.

“I'm FBI” Will pointed out. “Most of what I do is classified.”

“Then about your colleagues” the man suggested. “Or your relationship with that woman you like who does not return your affection.”

Will looked at his glass of wine, thoughtful.

“What I'd like right now is for you to tell me your first name” he said. “I don't know how to call you.”

“I am called Hannibal” his therapist answered.

“Really?” Will said, although he wasn't that surprised. “Like the guy with the elephants?”

Lecter nodded, and Will suddenly realised he probably wasn't that delighted to be referred to as “that guy named after the elephant dude”.

“Well, that's...” he was going for 'unusual', but decided to try being less of an ass. “...learned”.

Hannibal seemed surprised.

Will made a note to be less of an ass more often.

“Can I call you Hannibal?” he asked, testing the name out on his tongue.

“If you want to” the other answered.

“What, like I would call you Bernard or something?” Will joked –then he realised, some of Hannibal's patients probably gave him other names. Like, daddy, or, that-person-they-loved-and-couldn't-be-with. “Hannibal is fine” he said. “I like Hannibal. It suits you.”

Hannibal let a very small, not very honest smile float on the corner of his lips. He'd probably heard that a thousand times already. “Thank you, William.”

“You know, nobody calls me William except you” Will said.

Lecter rose his eyes to look at him curiously.

“I kinda like it.”

Hannibal nodded, and put away the emptied dish of appetizers.

“Would you like us to start on the main course?” he asked.

“It's still a bit early” Will noted, although saying so was stupid and would delay his tasting of the dish.

“Would you like to finish your wine first?”

Will looked at his glass. “Yes” he said.

He could always gulp the thing down if he changed his mind.

Hannibal got him talking about his work again, and Will reluctantly admitted he wished for a change.

Half an hour later, his glass was pretty much empty and they were still talking –when a little clear “ding” echoed in the room.

“The clock” Hannibal told him, pointing at a large device hanging over the main door. “It marks each hour neatly so you may keep track of time.”

The guy was so honest it made Will feel like he was abusing him. Then he remembered he was totally paying a lot to be here.

“So, it's seven” he said. “Still a little early, but we should start working on that dinner, else we'll never had time for the naked part.”

Lecter smiled and uncovered the main dish.

It was meat.

Will felt a little disappointed.

“I know you are an expert fisherman” Hannibal explained as he was serving him. “I thought you might welcome a change of regime with a little game.”

Will nodded, although he wasn't feeling like it. Well, at least the man had made the effort of making him French fries as an accompaniment.

As he tasted the sauce, his eyes widened.

“There's totally fish in that!” he exclaimed, surprised at how good it was, too. “It's absolutely delicious!”

Lecter was smiling again. Like the damn man had expected this reaction.

Was he so easy to read?

He wished to dump his meal and rip the man's clothes and shut his smile with his mouth, but he was far too taken with how *good* the dish tasted.

Stupid therapist.

He ate far too much and ended up with an embarrassingly stretched stomach.

Hannibal piled their empty plates and put them aside on a little trolley Will hadn't noticed before.

"You think of everything" he remarked, trying to straighten up but failing miserably as he was far too relaxed for it.

"Do I?" Doctor Lecter mused, coming to sit on the arm of Will's chair and slipping his own arm around the younger man's shoulders.

"Oh, damnit yes" Will sighed, resting his head against Hannibal's chest. "You're like the perfect boyfriend, only you're a therapist. I wish I knew where to find someone like you out there."

"I assure you I am a better therapist than I am a life partner" Lecter told while gently stroking his head.

"Mmm uh" Will answered, closing his eyes and letting himself go against the comforting warmth of the other's body. He squeezed his arms around the older's man waist and realised something.

"I want to have sex with you" he said, with a tad of surprise in his tone.

Hannibal chuckled. "Nothing new, then" he said.

But it was. Before that, it had merely been about sex. Now it was about doing it with *that* man.

"I want to make you feel good too" Will muttered, stroking lazily Hannibal's side with the tip of his fingers. "Is there something I can do for that?"

"Get better" Hannibal murmured, caressing his head gently. "Get back on tracks with your life. You can do that."

"Nnnh" Will uttered, feeling well-being weight on his closing eyes. "Oh, I don't want to sleep."

"Maybe you need it."

"I'm not wasting a second of my time with you" Will protested, turning his head to mouth at Hannibal's stomach, annoyingly covered in clothing.

"No wonder you seem so tired all the time if you consider resting is a waste of time."

"Oh, shut up" Will grumbled, annoyed at his being so right all the time. He pulled the man closer to him, sitting him on his lap and having him curl around him like a security blanket.

"Have you tried doing this to a nasty dictator?" he asked. "Because they might turn good."

He felt the other's smile against his head.

They didn't move for a time, until Will tightened his grip around Hannibal's waist.

"Hannibal?"

"Yes, William?"

"Can I say that I love you?"

"You can say anything you want, my dear."

My dear. He remembered checking that box while filling the questionnaire.

"If this were real, I would probably be so in love I'd start believing I can impregnate you, like, with puppies or something cute like that."

"This probably sounds much nicer to your ears than it does to mine" Hannibal answered with gentle amusement.

"Maybe. I'd want to take care of you. I'm not that much of a cook, but I can make fish. I know some recipes from Louisiana, where I was raised. Cajun deep fried chicken and pastalaya. I'd feed you until you'd get fat."

"I wouldn't let you get me fat."

"Alright, so I'll feed you until you almost get fat, then help you keep in shape by making sweet, sweet love to you on the beach. Because in my fantasy, there is a beach."

"Is the weather good?"

"Just the right kind of hot, with a lazy sea singing right in front of us. And it's sunset."

"I love sunset."

"I knew you would."

Will nuzzled against Hannibal and kissed him on the jaw. "Obviously I wouldn't have to pay for any of that."

The other chuckled, and ran his fingers in Will's brown curls. "You're a sweet man, Will Graham."

Will felt an odd sadness creep into his chest. "Perhaps, but there is no-one I can take care of."

Hannibal kissed his temple. "There will be" he promised. "There is. Start with yourself, and others will follow."

"I can't make sweet sweet love to myself on the beach. It's at best perverted, and at worst, all serious kinds of sad."

"I don't think so" Hannibal murmured softly to his ear. "I believe you pretty much deserve to find pleasure in a beautiful scenery, whether you are there with someone or not."

Will scrubbed his face with fingers, suddenly not much amused. "Alright, stop it, I'm gonna cry."

Hannibal took his hand to stay his violent rubbing. "Do you want to?" he asked.

Will looked at him with shiny blue eyes.

Then he embraced him again and let tears run down his face.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal, you tease.

I don't know if I'll have Internet next week, so to be sure I'll say: next chapter on the Wednesday after the one coming.

Third Appointment

Chapter Summary

Will takes Hannibal fishing.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I know I said I would post this on Wednesday (sorry for the delay), but I wanted it to be good so I had to discuss it a tad longer with my beta reader Toft (who deserves many thanks for fixing gruesome issues).

I might have trouble keeping the Wednesday/Friday rhythm up too, because I found a job and it's tiring. I'll do my best to update regularly though. Anyway, here's the next chapter. Enjoy!

"Why aren't you coming again?" Alana asked with a pout.

"One, because I don't like social events, and two, because I already have an afternoon planned" Will answered. "Also, you will be with Beverly so why would you care?"

"Oh come on. I like having fun with you" she smiled, and Will noticed that oddly, her beautiful grin didn't provoke the usual ache in his chest.

"I have an appointment. And I can't report it; it takes long enough to get one as it is."

Alana tilted her head. "Are you seeing Hannibal again?"

Hearing this name in her mouth was odd.

"How are you friends with him again?" he asked. "I mean, how did you meet?"

"Charity event" she reminded him. "And for the third time no, I've never been his patient. How's it going?"

"Fine, I mean... fine. He's nice."

"He is" she agreed, tapping on his arm. "He's very dedicated to his patients. Be nice to him, okay?" She looked at him thoughtfully, nibbling on her lower lip.

"We haven't had sex" he said.

“Fine. Okay. I didn't ask, I was never here!” she said, lifting her hands up as if caught.

Will smiled. “Admit it. You're curious about his job too.”

“It's just... a little peculiar, what he does” she agreed. “He's already got a pretty great, regular practice, you know? It's a little unsettling for his friends, for me... that it gets dangerous at times; I don't like that.”

“Also” she added before Will could ask her about that last part, “he's so *proper*. Like a walking guide of etiquette and good manners. I just can't imagine him in relation to anything... naughty. Not even sexual counselling.”

“If it can console you, he's mastered avoiding it” Will replied.

“Counselling?” Alana asked, surprised –but Will wasn't listening.

He was thinking about how well Hannibal kissed –but never on the lips. He tilted his head.

“He's real good though” he told his friend. “I mean, since I've been seeing him, I've gotten out more, and I sleep better. And he got me this short book of recipes–”

“Easy & Healthy?” she asked. “I've got it too. He wrote that.”

“I know. It's fantastic, right? Now I can be lazy *and* still eat properly. Most of the time, anyway.”

Alana smiled. “I'm glad he's truly been helpful. But don't get too attached, okay? He's still your therapist.”

“I'm not going to turn on him like some kind of desperate madman” Will sighed. “Anyway, he's too good at his job. The last two times, I ended up napping like a baby, so I told him I wanted out of his office. We're going somewhere with no beds or any kind of comfortable sits, so he can't trick me into sleepy times again. I wonder how he'll deal with it.”

Alana rolled his eyes. “Are you trying to *play* your therapist?” she asked, half amused and half concerned.

“Wouldn't *you*?” he asked her, lifting a challenging eyebrow.

She tightened her lips... then nodded.

“You don't like this” Will said, looking at the man sitting next to him.

“I beg your pardon?” Hannibal answered, poised.

“You don't like this.”

The older man smiled. "This is not the kind of activity I would have chosen for myself, no. But I enjoy the company."

Will shook his head and leaned towards him, silently asking for a kiss. Hannibal indulged him, on the cheekbone, lightly.

"I hoped the weather would be better" Will said. "All this gray, it's... depressing."

Hannibal rubbed a comforting hand down his back. "I was told this was the ideal kind of weather to go fishing" he remarked.

"Yeah, but we're not fishing though, are we?" Will pointed out. "We're spending quality time together. That involves sticking pointy things into wandering fishes. A tad gory, now that I think about it."

Hannibal smiled.

He didn't smile *at* Will, as if to prove he was listening to him; he did it as any friend would do when you're babbling nonsense and they're busy, but hearing you.

Will decided to sit closer to the man.

He wasn't wearing a three-piece-suit, but barely. His clothes would individually scream sports wear; together, they were asking for the way to the opera. A biting breeze ruffled his ashen hair, and Will knew he was chilled just by the way he tensed, trying not to shudder.

More used to the open air, Will took off his jacket and put it around Hannibal's shoulders.

"You'll get cold" the other man remarked.

"I don't care." He kissed him on the cheek. "You're not handling the rod right, love" he added –then stopped to think about what he'd just said. The word had rolled on his tongue easily, earnest and oddly warm, as if Will was truly thinking about Hannibal this way.

It would feel good to think about him this way.

He took Hannibal's hands in his to correct his position. "Here."

The other smiled, softly. "Thank you."

A quiet warmth bloomed in Will's chest. It flowed like a river through his body until it reached his ears, who started to burn like they were on fire. Will stilled, embarrassed, afraid Hannibal would notice the reddened skin.

But Hannibal had closed his eyes to press his forehead to Will's. "It's really quiet here" he noticed. "You know, I don't usually go out for this."

Affectionate feelings towards a therapist; that's called transfer.

"I wondered about that", Will said, noticing the tiniest pulse of blood on his forehead, against his skin. "I could totally have been planning to murder you. Well, that would have been stupid. I could totally have been planning to abduct you." He tried to sound pleasant, but the more he talked, the more he felt like a creep. "But I'm sure you've taken precautions."

There.

Murdering creep.

"I don't think you would do anything that could upset Alana" Hannibal sort of answered.

Hearing that name, Will tilted his head. "You know, I don't love her anymore" he said. "It sort of happened. My heart didn't beat so fast when I saw her, and I knew I didn't love her."

"This is good" Hannibal stated.

Not, *how does that make you feel*, or, *what do you think of it?*

This is good.

Will looked at the pond, at their fishing roads.

Of course, Hannibal wasn't the usual therapist. He would be blunt about something other practitioners would investigate first.

Still, it was a bit weird, and unethical and, oh.

A friend would have said that.

Doctors cared about solutions; friends about results. Was that also part of the therapy?

Maybe Hannibal was truly glad that Will had stopped loving Alana.

"It is good" Will said. "She's with Beverly now. She's happy. And I can be happy, too. Maybe."

"You will" Hannibal told him.

It felt so good to be with him.

"How can you be so sure of that?" Will smiled, watching fondly the other's tranquil face, his brown eyes looking at the water.

"Probabilities" Hannibal replied, his gaze lost in the haze of thoughts. "It is very unlikely you will never be happy again."

"I am happy now" Will said, cuddling around the other man and sliding a hand around his waist.

He felt warm.

“Yes” Hannibal said, watching a pair of swans glide on the pond.

“Me too.”

This time, Hannibal gave him homework.

If they were to see each other again, Will had to go to a meeting of his choice. Hannibal had gone as far as put together a list for him.

To be fair, the events seemed pretty interesting: fishing club parties, dog owners walks in the park and breeders exhibitions, even a cooking contest Will was sure had been added to the list as a joke, but didn't seem that impossible to win either.

Even then, Will's good intentions promptly deflated and, if it hadn't been for an e-mail Hannibal sent him a week after their fishing trip, he might have not seen him again.

But Hannibal had made a pretty good case of how their next session would be about putting the “sex” in the therapy part of the deal, and that got Will right back on the horse.

He couldn't truly picture himself sleeping with Hannibal anymore, but if the man was half as good with it than he was with everything else, it could only be amazing.

So, on a rainy Tuesday, he put on his raincoat and his dogs on a leash and went to the park to participate in that Dog Lovers Grand Little Marathon thing, where people were basically meeting to talk and maybe jog a little with their packs –although the dogs did most of the running.

There he bumped into a lovely woman called Molly, and had all the trouble in the world to save her boy from the sea of dogs in which he was drowning with delight.

“I met someone” Will told his therapist on the phone on the day after that. “A woman. She's called Molly. She didn't mind my dogs, and she has a kid.”

Hannibal didn't answer right away.

“Do you like her?” he asked eventually, his voice stunningly quiet.

“Very much. She has a house on the beach. She invited me over.”

“I am glad for you, Will. I truly hope for the best. Are you calling to cancel your next appointment?”

“What? No! Why would I do that?” Will asked, confused.

Hannibal didn't reply, and Will thought about it. “There's nothing between me and Molly yet” he said. “And I'm only going to her house in three weeks, that's a week after our

appointment.”

“Will. Are you sure you want to keep it up? It will be no trouble postponing it.”

“I don't want to postpone it, I want to see you!” Will replied, vexed. And it was true; he missed him.

There was a small silence.

“Do you like this person, Will?” Hannibal asked softly.

“Yes, but that doesn't mean I'm dumping you” Will pointed out.

Dumping. As he bewildered about this dubious choice of word, another unfortunate sentence got out of his mouth. “And maybe we could start seeing each other in another context.”

And another.

“Like, I don't *pay* you, but you get to tell me about your problems for a change.”

And, well.

“I swear you know me better than most people do, and I don't have any insight on your own issues. It doesn't seem fair.”

One sentence besting the other to prove to Will's therapist exactly just how dejected and lonely he felt, his voice talking as by itself while Will listened to the result with shame. It was like a patient's worst nightmare.

“It doesn't have to be fair” Hannibal reminded him quietly. “I am your therapist, not your friend.”

Will hesitated, caught in-between the choice of lying to Hannibal or committing social suicide.

Because obviously, words would not pour out of his mouth by themselves right now. Now that it would be *convenient*.

Will took a deep breath.

“Well, would you like to be my friend, then?” he asked, knowing how that sounded, yet meaning every word of it. Hoping Hannibal would get that.

The other didn't answer right away.

“I cannot do that” Hannibal replied eventually. “For now, I am your guide to stability. You are not steady enough on your legs for me to cease supporting you.”

Will sighed. “Alright, I get it. But I like you. Not the fake boyfriend therapy guy thing –what I've seen about you. You're dedicated, and learned, and you put so much care in everything

you do. I'd love to have you as a friend, if you would have me.”

“Will, please understand that—”

“I'm not saying now” Will added. “I'm unstable, I can't be your friend because you're my therapist, I get all that. But maybe, I don't know, in a year. If I get better, and stable. We could be friendly.”

Will could hear Hannibal's soft breathing.

“Get better” he answered. “Then, maybe life will reunite us, and we'll see.”

Will felt a weight fly off his chest. “Alright then. I'm cancelling my next appointment. Wish me luck with Molly.”

“Good luck, William.”

Will hung up.

Fourth Appointment

Chapter Summary

Will finally gets his “proper” sex therapy appointment. It is not conventional.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will showed up at Hannibal's office on the day of the appointment they had previously cancelled. He was nervous, fidgeting, and had dark rings under his eyes.

Hannibal had answered to the door, intrigued.

“Will!” he let out in surprise. “What are you doing here?”

“I– am I disturbing you?” Will asked. “I was hoping you hadn't filled the spot.”

“I haven't” Hannibal answered. He looked at the small clock of the waiting room; it was two and a half. “Come in.”

Will didn't let him ask twice. He went straight for the middle of the room and started pacing.

“What is it?” Hannibal asked, gently.

“It's Molly, she's... she's back with her ex. Willy's father” Will stammered, visibly upset. “I– I thought...”

“It's alright, William. Come here.” Hannibal opened his arms and Will engulfed himself in his warmth, famished for comfort and clarity.

“I thought it could work” he said. “I thought it was getting better. I thought... I thought...”

“Shh, you're fine, I've got you” Hannibal whispered, gently stroking his hair. “You're safe here, right?”

Will sobbed.

After a time, he calmed down, and Hannibal got him into a cosy armchair. He squatted in front of him, and Will couldn't help but notice how beautiful he looked when the light was playing like little mischievous gold fairies on his face. How much he'd missed his eyes.

“I am sorry to be so crude, William, but I haven't had time to prepare our session” Hannibal said. “We will have to talk about it.”

“What do you want?” Will asked, ready to agree to anything.

“That is not the right question” Hannibal reminded him. “What do *you* want?”

Will looked at him. The pinpoints of red in his maroon eyes.

“You” he said.

Hannibal smiled, amused, and maybe a tad... was that sadness? But Will was being serious.

“I want everything to be like it was before” he added. “I want that to have never happened.”

“Do you really?” Hannibal asked. “Wasn't it nice to meet Molly and her son for the first time? Talk to them? Make new plans?”

“That's over.”

“For now it is. And with them. But there are other Mollies and Willys in the world, waiting to meet you and who will not go back to former partners.”

“I don't want to think about that now” Will said. “Now I want to think about you.”

“Then we'll prepare your next session together.”

“What? No. No, we're having it now. I'm not leaving here.”

“We will prepare your next session, and you will come back and have it in a clear state of mind. You would be at risk of fixating on me if not.”

“I am already fixated on you.”

“As a crutch. I cannot become your rock. That is too permanent a burden for anyone to bear.”

Will cringed. “I see your point, but I'm not sure I like it.”

Hannibal smiled, and graciously went to take his phone. The man moved like a dancer.

“Would you call Alana?” he asked. “Or any other friend you have. I would like them to come pick you up once this is over.”

“What?”

Will blushed.

“I'm not letting anyone see me in this state!” he shouted.

“You are letting me.”

“It's different! You're my shrink! And... And you're Hannibal; it's different.” He sat on his chair again, rubbing his face. “I don't want Alana to see me that neurotic.”

“Is she your friend, William?”

Will shivered. “Yeah.”

“Then don't you want her to know and accept this side of you?”

The young man bit his lip. “It's... it's complicated.”

“She wouldn't think less of you.”

“I would think less of myself.”

“I don't think less of you.”

Will made a face.

“I've seen you at your most neurotic and vulnerable” Hannibal said. “And I still value you extremely. Don't you want Alana to trust you on a similar basis?”

“I hate how persuasive you are” Will said behind gritted teeth. “What are you going to say to her?”

“That I want her to spend the rest of the evening with you” Hannibal replied. “Do I need to say more?”

Will shook his head.

They agreed on a new session two weeks from then.

Hannibal had told Will he would have to go out again, and Will had refused –eventually, Alana had taken him to an exhibition about fishhooks that bored them both to death, but ended up as a pretty decent evening nonetheless. At least, he wasn't back on loving her.

To be fair, the one thing that kept him going was the knowledge that he would finally see his therapist in his underwear. Well, maybe less knowledge than wishful thinking. But he would get laid, and that was positive.

During a few nights before the D-day, he would lay in bed with closed eyes and think of Hannibal and, with a little bit of shame, try to imagine all kind of naughty things he would enjoy doing to the man.

Eventually though, he would always think of that chilly day near the pond, when he'd kissed him on the cheek.

Their session started at three pm precisely. Hannibal was wearing the usual, formal three-piece-suit, and Will was laying blindfolded on the bed. He'd complained about it, but Hannibal insisted.

So he laid, waiting for the other man to stand up from his chair and approach him at least, instead of asking him questions about how comfortable and relaxed he felt.

"I won't get anywhere if you don't come and touch stuff" he told Hannibal with a bit of irritation. "Or is this another tease?"

"Have I ever teased you about this, William?"

"Your mere existence is a tease to my sex life. Tell me we're really doing this."

Hannibal didn't answer.

"I want you to think of somebody attractive" he said in a soft voice. "It doesn't have to be merely someone you know, or a fictional character. It can be a mix of both. I would like you to describe them to me."

"This is going to be embarrassing" Will mumbled.

"And yet, you insist you'd be comfortable with me jumping your bones without further ado" Hannibal remarked.

Will chuckled. "Alright, then. The ideal somebody. Let's think about that."

But as much as he tried, he only saw fleeting maroon eyes and a chilly kiss near a pond.

"Do you want me to help?" Hannibal asked.

"Aren't you here for it?"

He believed the other man smiled.

"Are they smaller or bigger than you are?"

"Slightly bigger" Will replied instantly, recalling Hannibal's wider build. "Sturdy."

"What about their hair?"

"Ashen. Totally undone."

He waited for a comment on Hannibal's part, but nothing came but "Arms?"

"Elegant" Will answered, a tad disappointed. "And strong. With large hands. And long fingers."

He was feeling them on him already.

"What about their eyes?"

Will hesitated. Molly had blue eyes.

"Caring" he said. "Soft."

“Mouth?”

Hannibal's. Definitively Hannibal's.

“Sensual. Curvy. Like little red waves. Something I'd totally kiss on the spot.”

“Chest?”

Will pondered. He was thinking of Alana's breasts.

“Wide” he answered eventually, because of another chest he'd been leaning and felt safe against more recently. “Smooth.”

“What are they doing?” Hannibal asked, his voice so soft and so low Will felt a shiver run down his spine.

“Watching me.”

“And?”

“Touching me. Like they love me.”

It was a bit hard to say that last part.

He heard sounds to his right, Hannibal getting up and coming to him. He turned his blindfolded eyes in that direction.

“Tell me more” Hannibal said, putting a warm hand flat on the middle of his stomach.

“He's nice. He cares for me.”

A thumb rubbing gentle circles on his clothes.

“I care for him too.”

“Do you want to tell him something?”

“That I love him” Will whispered with a bit of shame. “I'd want them to know that I love them.”

“How do they react?”

Will breathes in, trying to fight the emotions rushing in. “He kisses me.”

Hannibal leans in. Then stills. Hesitates.

Will can't see him, but he *knows*. Hannibal is doubting himself; this isn't supposed to happen.

“*He kisses me*” Will whispers in a low voice, taking one of Hannibal's hands in his own.

He can feel the other's breath on his cheek.

The light pressing of lips on his knuckles.

So gentle. Longing.

Sincere.

Suddenly, Hannibal withdraws, and Will can feel his weight lifting off the bed.

He blindly slides his fingers in the ashen hair, takes an handful of it, and squeezes harshly. “I don't want him to go” he says, and he pushes and rolls Hannibal on his back, kisses him fiercely on the mouth. “I'm not letting him go.”

Hannibal had gasped in surprise. But he collects himself instantly.

“I'm not going anywhere” he gently replies –and Will hates it, because it's the therapist speaking.

“You're not” Will growls, biting his mouth, his jaw, his neck. “I'm not letting you.”

“I don't want to go” the voice answers, soothing.

Will softens, kisses him more gently. He thinks about his mother, who abandoned him as a child. Hannibal is not leaving.

Swift hands on his chest, unbuttoning his vest. He tries to do the same, but the hands guide his to the soft hair. Then fingers stroke his naked chest, gentle, slow.

“What do you want?” the voice asks.

The image of Hannibal imposes itself, commanding.

“You” he says.

The other kisses his cheek.

“What else?”

“Nothing else. Just you.” Will is sincere. He's suddenly found what he was looking for. It's not his therapist. It's that man, that person willing to mend him back up with warmth and care, that person he knows nothing about. That guy who doesn't like fishing.

“How many of your patients have fallen for you?” he asks, pushing Hannibal on his back again, ripping away the blindfold. Hannibal's hair is everywhere.

“I told you not to get it off” the other man says disapprovingly.

“How many?” Will presses on.

“It is not love for me, what you are feeling” Hannibal tells him. “Any illusion of loving me you have, it will go away just as swiftly as it did when you met Molly. It is love for life. For what you are feeling right now. You are happy, Will.”

Will shivers.

“You will be happy again” Hannibal says. “If you dare to go out in the world, meet and leave other Mollies. Live.”

The man is old. A bit tired. With hiding eyebrows, a dent in his nose, and sunken eyes.

“You're gorgeous” Will says, and he kisses him. “You're gorgeous.”

Hannibal closes his eyes. He doesn't seem to want to, he fights against it, but he eventually caves –his hands curl around Will's neck and shoulder.

For a single, perfect moment, they are kissing, and it is glorious.

“This would be the cue for you to put back your blindfold” Hannibal then informs Will.

“I don't want to.”

“Will, this is a huge breach of protocol. I am not supposed to even be on the bed right now.”

I wasn't supposed to leave that chair.

“Do you think I'll let you go back to sitting in your corner?”

Hannibal sits up. “Please, lay down.”

“Lay down with me.”

Hannibal doesn't, and puts the blindfold back on Will. “Don't get it off again, or I will call off this session. Am I making myself clear?”

Will whines.

But he lays down, and hears Hannibal walk around, push something around the bed near him.

“Is that the trolley of sex?” he asks.

“Yes.”

Will chuckles.

“Do you want to undress, William, or are you more comfortable as you are?”

Will dreams of taking Hannibal apart.

“I'm not getting naked if you're not.”

Hannibal doesn't comment on it, merely strokes Will's exposed chest with a hand, lightly.

“Tell me more about that perfect lover of yours.”

“He's not perfect. He hates fishing.”

Hannibal's hand leaves Will's body, as if burnt.

“Will.” A warning.

“Alright, alright. He's... tender. And a bit naughty. And I just, uh.”

He has a vision. Hannibal tied up at his mercy. Not going anywhere. Not teasing anymore. Closing his eyes, and kissing him.

It would be kinda easy to achieve, too. Will has been trained by the FBI after all.

“And he actually comes with me on the bed when we have sex, because he's old fashioned like that.”

Hannibal unbuttons Will's pants, unzips them. His hands have an eerie quality to them, and suddenly Will understands he's wearing gloves.

Medical gloves, probably.

“Go on, William.”

Will wonders how his other patients react to that situation. If they stay still and enjoy the show. If they suddenly discover a very dark side of themselves who talks of tying someone up, ravishing him, keeping him for themselves like Will is right now.

He could rip off the blindfold, and in the same movement hit his therapist on the chin to shake him. Push him on the floor, deafen himself to anything he might say; maintain him down with bruising nails, fight his struggle, maybe press a arm to his neck to cut the airway and make him dizzy. He almost hears him cough once released, his eyes red and brightened by tears. Looking at him with sad disappointment.

Will's suddenly very scared.

“Do you often do this kind of things?” Will asks. He's *scared* something bad will happen to Hannibal. Something like a small little fat man waiting for him in a dark alley and...

“I only do them with patients who might benefit from it” Hannibal answers. “And whom I trust to respect my boundaries.”

But it's not enough, and they both know it. Will would never hurt Hannibal in a million years, yet he's fantasizing about doing just that. He has the means to do it, too. He very well could.

“You're too trusting” Will says, gently taking him by the wrist because he doesn't want to touch the gloves. “You have no idea what I'm dreaming of doing to you right now. I had no idea I could even wish for that.”

“You can fantasize as much as you want, William” Hannibal tells him softly. “Dreams do not hurt anyone. You're welcome to dream at your heart's content.”

One of his hands reaches under Will's underwear, and the young man closes his eyes tighter. He pictures the man chained to a wall. He pictures him his.

He clenches his hand around Hannibal's wrist, reaches with his fingers for his hair. "Kiss me."

"Not now, William."

Will seizes as much ashen blond hair as he can, and yanks Hannibal's head back. "Kiss me."

The other patiently unlocks the fingers from his head, then massages his neck. Will probably hurt him.

"Please" Will asks. "Please."

He feels a touch on his lips, but it's not a mouth, just the tip of a gloved finger. Will takes the glove off and slides the fingers in his mouth, maintaining Hannibal's wrist tight with both hands.

He sucks on them. It feels wet and empty. He wants to suck on the rest of him.

With his other hand, Hannibal pleases him. He asks Will about his dreams, but the young man merely moans. He doesn't see the point of inventing an ideal partner, or invoking anything else than what's already there.

He's got five fingers and a palm all to himself. He worships it.

At some point, Hannibal stills.

"It does not feel like I am satisfying you" he says.

"Let me take off the blindfold."

"This is not about me, nor us" Hannibal reminds him. "It is about helping you towards fulfilment. Helping you find yourself."

"Can't it just be about sex?"

He knows Hannibal's lips are tight. But the man's not giving up.

He takes his hand away and fumbles a moment with the trolley. "Would you lend me back my hand, please?"

Will grumbles, but complies. Instants later, something is being slid onto his most sensitive area.

"Please tell me this isn't a toy" he mumbles.

It's wet and slick, and nothing like what Will imagines Hannibal would feel like.

"Is that position to your convenience, Will?"

Usually it would be, yeah, but Will wants Hannibal bent in half with his head panting in the pillows. "It's fine" he says.

"Are you ready for the next part of the session?"

Will hesitates. He remembers Hannibal telling him about the hallucinogenics and agreeing to using them, but his previous thoughts have been so dark he's not sure anymore.

"I don't know. I'm scared I'll hurt you."

"I never had any trouble with them" Hannibal says, "and some of my patients were less gentle than you."

Will imagines them grabbing Hannibal, pushing him on the floor like he wants to. Taking everything.

"I could restrain you" Hannibal offers. "I often do, remember?"

Will had rejected that. He hadn't know.

"Alright" he says. "Just get away if I get weird."

Hannibal agrees, and binds him to the bed. He's methodical about that too.

Then he gives the drugs to Will and everything gets upside down.

Will is alone, panting in pleasure, or fucking Alana, maybe even Jack, he's not sure. Sometimes, it's Molly. There is a voice that tells him about people he loves, people who hurt him, and he pictures them all, not matter how weird that is. He fucks them all. It's like he's in love with all of them. Like nothing ever mattered, because even people that hurt him can't anymore over all that pleasure.

There's just one person he's not allowed to fuck, because each time he moans his name the voice tells him to think of someone else, and gives him another name, a new face, and thousands of reasons to let them go.

The main reason is that it hurts no more. There is no pain.

When the drug wears off, the first things he says is, "that was so weird."

Then he turns to his therapist, sitting by the bed, and repeats it. "That was so weird."

But he's not mad at anyone anymore. He's not scared either.

People are just people.

He closes his eyes and sighs.

"Before seeing each other again, you will have to make a new friend" Hannibal tells him.

“What if I don't want one?” Will muses.

“I won't let you back before three months have passed. You have ample time to make a new acquaintance.”

Will sighs. He doesn't like this, but not out of fear. He won't have trouble meeting someone. It feels easy all of a sudden.

He turns and shakes Hannibal's hand before going. “That was weird” he repeats again. “But I think it did me good.”

Hannibal smiles. “I sure hope so.”

Chapter End Notes

I like how my beta reader can go from "eep! this is kind of unsexy and medical" to "wow, that is hot" in less than two sentences. Praise her for helping me turn the unsexy around.

Hiatus

Chapter Summary

Will goes to a party where he meets Mischa Lecter and Abigail Hobbs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will accompanies Alana to a variety of social events. At first, it's because he can; he's not afraid of them anymore. Then he remembers he hates empathising with most people, and that social events are boring.

But he hangs out with Alana, lazily looking for a new friend to make.

At a charity against hunger, he notices someone. A girl, about his age or slightly older, with ashen blond hair and beautiful brown eyes. She's drinking champagne by herself near the buffet; he likes her straight nose and full lips instantly.

He breathes in deeply, because now that he's tested empathising again with numerous people at the same time he is growing nervous again, but he still goes over to greet her.

She's nice.

Her name is Mischa Lecter.

“Like... the doctor?” he asked, thinking he'd misheard. “I mean, the therapist?”

“You've heard of my brother” she said with a disapproving shake of her head. “What have you heard about him?”

Will understood he was navigating in troubled waters. “I heard that's he's unconventional” he tried.

“Yes, because of what he does aside from his regular clients” she sighed. “I wish he would cease that.”

“I take it you don't approve much of his work.”

She sent him a narrow look, and he felt like a fly pinned on a web. “He got attacked twice last year! I do not care about some poor loons finding their way back to happiness; I care about my brother, and he puts himself in far too much danger for my taste.”

Will thought of that little Franklyn man in the waiting room.

“I understand” he said –and he did. He didn't like that either. Ironically, he believed none of Hannibal's patients did. “Though I'm not sure why he would follow such a dangerous path of work with a safer practice at hand.”

“My brother is an idiot” Mischa said, emptying her glass of champaign. “He started acting stupid when I moved out so now, on top of everything, I can't help feeling guilty when he gets hurt. He can be such an ass.”

“Mischa!” an indignant voice exclaimed near Will –a young, pale brunette girl had arrived with a glass of juice in hand. “Don't talk about him like that. I'm sorry” she said to Will.

“It's alright. My name is Will, by the way.”

“Abigail Hobbs. Hobbs was my mother's name –Hannibal's my dad. Well, Doctor Lecter is. And I take it you've met my aunt.”

Will nodded, shaken to discover that his therapist had a daughter.

“So, what are you doing here?” Abigail asked as Mischa was asking for another cup of champaign.

“Oh, err, I came with Alana, there” Will said, pointing to his friend and Beverly, who were talking to some persons he didn't know.

“No way” Mischa said. “Alana Bloom? She's one of my close acquaintances! Hey, Alana! Over here!”

Abigail made wide eyes and a show of sipping on her juice to avoid laughing at her aunt's shouting.

Alana and Beverly promptly joined them. “Hi!” Alana said, smiling widely. “Hey, it's good to see you. Abigail, have you grown again?”

“No, my hair is shorter” the brunette answered, nibbling at her straw. “You've aged, grandma.”

To Will's surprise, Alana chuckled. “And this is Beverly, my girlfriend” she told Abigail. “You've heard of her.”

“And I've heard of *you*” Beverly said, pointing a hand at the young's face. “Aren't you the one who tried to sneak into a FBI's laboratory once just to see if there were glowing rats in there?”

“I was twelve” Abigail said. “It doesn't count.”

Beverly laughed, and slid a arm around Alana's waist.

“How did you enter the FBI's facilities anyway?” Will asked, a tad puzzled. “It's supposed to be guarded.”

“Oh, the FBI put me in there” Abigail said. “When my mum got murdered by my dad, and then tried to kill me.”

“Abigail” Mischa said in a disapproving tone.

“What?”

Beverly pushed the young girl's arm with her fist. “You're lucky Will and I are both FBI, or we might have started either crying or vomiting right now” she said.

Abigail sucked on her straw, finishing her juice noisily. Then she turned to Alana: “I like her” she said.

“You're FBI too?” Mischa asked Will. “You work in the labs?”

“Uh, no. I'm a profiler” he answered distractedly, puzzled about that murderer dad thing Abigail had said.

Talking to this particular group of persons was actually relieving, as they liked each other and bantered lightly without an hidden agenda; his empathy could rest.

He wasn't sure about Mischa though, because she was bitter.

“You mean, you're Will Graham” she said in a tone he couldn't decipher.

“No way!” Abigail shouted. “*The* Will Graham?”

Will internally cringed. “I'm pretty sure there are plenty others in the world” he tentatively joked, sending Alana an interrogative glance.

She put her hand on his shoulder to soothe him.

“Not another who turned my brother in a pathetic mess, there isn't!” Mischa exclaimed, her statement feeling like a blow to Will. “I can't believe you have *the guts* to show yourself in my presence. I should totally remedy to that.”

Shock had made Will very cold, and slightly feverish. He opened his mouth to answer, to ask what Mischa had meant, if Hannibal was alright –but started to stammer as she was glaring, which was pretty much a bad sign.

Mischa's brown eyes glowing red; that couldn't be good either.

Abigail sighed and took out her phone.

“So, you're one of those psychos” Mischa growled, so convincingly Will took a few steps back. “Are you planning to stab him too? *Hi, Doctor Lecter, I'm in need of my fix of affection again, can I come in and ruin your life?*”

“I– I don't want to hurt him” Will stuttered, surprised at the intensity of her anger. Feeling even worse now that she'd mentioned *stabbing* –who the hell had *dared* to lay a hand on Hannibal?

He remembered a handful of ashen hair; harshly pulling it back. Guilt twirled like a snake in his nauseated stomach.

“Dad? Hey, it's me” Abigail was saying on the phone. “Aunty is drunk again. Can you reach us? We're in the main hall.”

Alana interposed herself between Mischa and Will. “Come on Mimi, Will's not a bad guy. I've known him for years, and he's an empath; hurting people is harder for him than it is for most people. He's as harmless as a puppy!”

“My brother is a wreck because of *that puppy*” Mischa hissed, trying to get pass her. “Get out of the way, Al, seriously.”

“What are you going to do, challenge him to a duel?” Abigail said. “*Again?*”

Mischa sent her a sharp look, and their eyes sparkled like striking swords. Will could only think about what she'd said –*a wreck, she said Hannibal is a wreck, what does that mean, how can that man even be anything but quiet and neat and proper and oh, oh no, was it about last time, about kissing him on the bed that last time, without asking for permission, grabbing him and pushing him and was that kiss not actually shared– Have I... Have I?!?–*

Beverly suddenly jumped out of the way, almost crushing Will in the process.

“What is going on?” Hannibal asked, rushing right to his sister. “Oh, Mischa. Come here my love, what is it?”

Will's face was on fire, or turning into ice; he couldn't tell. He wanted to push everyone out of the way and make sure the other was fine. Ask him if he was fine. Run his hands over his body and erase all pain out of him.

Hannibal took his sister gently into his arms and she seemed to calm down, wrapping herself tight around his chest.

“Can't we go to *any* party without bumping into one of your strays?” she muttered.

Hannibal looked around and noticed a very puzzled, and slightly panicked, Will. With very blue, utterly petrified eyes.

“I apologise on behalf of my sister” he said, trying to soothe his patient. “She doesn't approve of my profession.”

“What is it to approve of?” Mischa grumbled. “You're putting yourself in danger, and you could achieve just as much with regular therapy.”

“You know I couldn't” he told her gently, rubbing an appeasing hand against her back. “Hush, my love. You are safe, now.”

Some needle of pain pierced through Will's heart at hearing that “love” word coming out of nowhere. He was too confused to properly understand why, but he knew one thing: Mischa didn't deserve it. She was blunt, and loud, and she drank too much. She wanted Hannibal for herself. He didn't like her.

“I can take care of myself” Mischa told her brother, pushing him away. “I'm the expert in fencing and martial arts, not you. You” she put her index finger on his chest “could get eaten by a kitten.”

He smiled.

Alana sighed, relieved that the crisis was over. Will stood very still nonetheless, quite out of anger.

“Are you alright?” Hannibal asked him, noticing his queasiness.

Fucking non-fucked therapist.

“Well, he's still alive” Mischa pointed out.

Will twitched, and managed to answer calmly. “I didn't mean to, well.”

“It's fine” Alana told him. “Mischa is very protective of Hannibal. A tad *too* fiercely at times.”

“You would too if he was *your* brother” Mischa retorted –Abigail chuckled. “What's one of your patients doing here anyway?”

“He came with me” Alana said.

“I thought you were with Beverly.”

“She meant as a friend” Beverly explained.

“I suggest we take off” Hannibal told Mischa, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and taking his daughter's hand in his –Will's anger melt away instantly, washed away as by freezing water. “I have eaten enough *petit-fours* for tonight anyway.”

“Alright” Mischa said. “Maybe I'll sing *L'Air de la nuit* in the car if we hurry up.”

“Please don't” Abigail said, pulling a face. She handed her empty glass over to Beverly. “It was a pleasure meeting you. I'll make sure Dad invites you to our next dinner party.”

“Thanks” Beverly greeted. “Dr Lecter. Mischa.”

“See you Bev” Mischa replied; then she winked to Alana.

Hannibal bid them good night too; but he avoided Will's gaze.

Why did he avoid Will's gaze. Will wanted to run after him to ask him about it. He shouldn't be going; they had so much to talk about. Maybe he should have stopped him from leaving.

“What a family” Beverly sighed as they disappeared through the main door. “Don't worry Willy, Mischa is usually much more behaved. She's just a tad intense, especially when she's been drinking.”

Will didn't care. He was too focused taking in as much ashen hair as he could before it was swallowed by the crowd. Drinking it like one breathes.

“What is it?” Alana asked, surprised by his silence.

“I, hum.”

He pictured Hannibal kissing Mischa's hair, and soothingly embracing her. His pang of anger. Jealousy.

“I think I'm in trouble” Will said.

The large hand taking Abigail's, firm and brown over that pale, translucent skin.

“I thought it was the therapy” he said. “Like, transfer, or, how nice he is during the sessions”.

“I don't like where you're going with this” Alana said.

The maroon of his eyes avoiding his blue ones.

“You think you're in love with him” Beverly offered.

Will bit his lower lip.

“Yeah”, he answered.

“Well” Beverly replied. “Well, Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

Mischa's a fencing pro who duels people who make her angry. It's my head canon that she used to duel Hannibal with a baguette when they were children.

Because I'm a sadist, I'll inform the gentle reader that the next chapter will be entitled "Termination".

Termination

Chapter Summary

Hannibal terminates therapy. Will goes to his house to ask about that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took Will a few dozen clicks on his personal page of the website to understand that no, this wasn't a joke.

Your therapy with Dr H. Lecter has been terminated. Please review your e-mails for more details.

You may contact the following persons to pursue your treatment: Dr B. Du Maurier, Dr T. Budge.

Followed by addresses and numbers.

He went to his e-mails and found one from Hannibal there, explaining that he considered Will advanced enough on his way to stability to be referred to a regular therapist –he particularly recommended Bedelia Du Maurier. He wished him the best and apologised for not having terminated their sessions in person. Then he signed, as always, *H*.

Will decided to call. He soon realised his number was being skimmed off and decided to take the termination as a FBI agent would –finding Hannibal's home address.

So he found himself that same evening on the porch of Hannibal's beautiful house, looking as messy as always.

He rang, hoping Mischa wouldn't be home.

Abigail was.

“Uh, hello” she said, opening the door with a certain queasiness. “You're not my dad.”

“You're not your dad either. I take it he's not home yet?”

“Do you have an appointment?”

Will looked at the tips of his shoes.

“Oh, you're one of *these*” she said.

“Uh, no” he replied, turning more uncomfortable by the minute. “Or at least, I hope not.”

“Listen, he'd kill me if I let you in.”

“And I bet he would because if you let me in I could do that to” he replied, wondering if he was being smart or complicated. “I'm not coming in. I'll wait for him, here. I don't want to... intrude.”

He went to sit on the stairs.

“You're already intruding” she pointed out, but she came to sit near him nonetheless.

“Is, uh. Your aunt here?”

“No, but she'll gut you when she learns you were.”

“I was afraid of that.” He looked away.

“What do you want with my dad?” she asked. “You know he's your therapist, right?”

“Not anymore, no” he answered nervously. “He put an end to our meetings and I, uh. Wondered about it.”

“You think you're in love with him?”

Will looked at her. There was a large scar on the side of her neck, mostly hidden by a lemon scented scarf.

“I don't know him” he said.

“No, you don't.”

“You know, the first thing I thought about him was how unattractive he was.”

“You might think I'll trust you more if you diminish my dad, but I won't.”

“No, I meant it as in, 'how ironic'. Because now I'm not sure I can think of a more beautiful man.”

Abigail tilted her head. “What is it you're trying to say?”

“It started as you said. I was in love with my therapist. Or, my therapy, I don't know. I knew it wasn't real, and I knew I couldn't really love him. He was that nice person who can make me feel incredible at times.”

“I... don't want details about the sweaty part.”

“Right, sorry.”

“Although, as side note as an adopted daughter, I'd totally bang him.”

Will choked. “*What?*”

“Well, he's really handsome. And I'm in my Oedipus phase, so that's alright.”

“Okay, *I'm* the deranged one here” Will said, pointing at himself, naturally copying her own brand of humour. “Let's not get sidetracked. Gosh, that's disturbing.”

“You want to know what Mischa thinks?” Abigail added with a grin –Will stuck fingers into his ears, which made her laugh.

“Fine” she said eventually. “What's the rest of that story?”

Will got his pinkies out his ears and bit his lower lip. “There was a fishing trip. We went to a pond and fished a bit.”

“Dad doesn't like fishing.”

“I know. And... I think that's when I actually fell for him. Because he doesn't like fishing.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Don't *you* like that?” she asked. “I mean, why would he have taken you out to do something you don't like?”

“Oh, I *adore* fishing. The only thing I know how to cook is fish, actually. I have six rods and I make the lures myself.”

“Oh, good. You're a fishing nerd. And so, you're in love with my dad because he doesn't like what you do obsess about.”

“I *liked* that he didn't like it, because it was the first thing I actually truly learnt about him. Something he didn't mean me to have, but that I learnt anyway.”

Abigail rose her brows. “Will you try to steal his underwear?”

“Err. No. Back to the point: I want to learn about him. Right now, I only know he's caring, very clever, educated, European, the most amazing cook; patient, careful, a little OCD, worried about his weight, unconventional yet very old-fashioned, and probably good at playing some instruments because with such fingers, that would be sad if he didn't.”

“The harpsichord.”

“I knew it.”

“No you didn't.”

“No I didn't, but I'm glad I do now. I bet he's extremely talented.”

“He's a rare find. Are you a rare find, Will?”

The man swallowed. “Well, I work at the FBI, if that's anything.”

“I don't like the FBI. Do you have a hobby? Aside from fishing.”

“I have seven dogs.”

Abigail's eyes widened. “*Seven?*”

“Strays. I find them on the side of the road, I give them a little bath, something to chew on: *voilà*. They're very well behaved.”

“So, you collect puppies and turn them into army dogs.”

“I gather lone dogs and put them in a pack. The newest addition is called Winston; he's a looker. Most of them are really ugly.”

Abigail pondered. “What do you want from my dad, really?”

Will looked away, along the road.

“The chance to actually meet him?” he said, not very sure himself. “Maybe I should get a new face.”

“This is the kind of talk that makes me think '*cra-zy*' when I think about you.”

“Oh. Okay. Sorry.”

“Nah, it's also fun; at least you don't look like you'll stab him.”

“I'd *never* stab him!”

“That's what the guy who stabbed him said.”

Will looked at his fidgeting hands. “Abigail, in all honesty. Do I have a chance? Or am I truly being... '*insane*' about this?”

“I you ask me, you have zero chance at all. Daddy doesn't date patients.”

He glanced at her and grinned queasily. “When I met you at the charity party, you said I was '*The Will Graham*'. And your aunt kept repeating I'd hurt Hann... your father. What did you two mean?”

“You should probably go.”

She stood up and tidied up her dress. “Mischa will be back soon anyway.”

Will's heart felt heavy. “Did I?” he asked. “Hurt him?”

“I don't think you meant to.” She pointed her chin at a car parked in the alley. “See that car over there?”

“Yes?”

“Go get a look on your way home, 'kay?’”

He sighed. "Okay. Good night Abigail. Nice talking to you."

"Yeah, me too. You don't seem like a bad guy. It's just sad that you're all cuckoo or something."

She closed the door, and Will stayed still for a moment, listening to the wind in the trees.

He didn't go to the car, he knew who he'd find there.

He wondered how many of them were doing just that, sitting in a car at the corner of a dark street, waiting for an illusion of care and safety to merely pass them by.

Will's phone rang almost as soon as he'd reached his house's door and, as far as phone ringing goes, it rang angrily.

"Will."

It was Hannibal's voice on the other side.

"Yes, hello Hannibal."

"You came to my home" the man said. Audibly, he was pissed.

"It was misguided. I should just have kept on calling, or sent you a letter. I'm sorry."

"What you should have done is go to Dr Du Maurier as I recommended. Not come to my private address to bother my child."

"I tried not to be too annoying" he answered.

"Do you know how upsetting it can be for a young person her age to find an angry patient of mine waiting on her doorstep?"

Will thought about Abigail, who wasn't spooky. Then he remembered the scar on her neck.

"Is she alright?"

"She wishes to move again."

"I'm sorry."

He swallowed. "Hannib— Doctor Lecter?"

"Yes, William?"

"I would like to see you one last time. For closure."

"I'm afraid we cannot do that, Will. Good night."

“Wait! Wait, please. Alright, okay, fine. At least tell me, tell me that. Mischa and Abigail – they keep saying that I hurt you. Did I hurt you? Because whatever I did, I didn't mean too, I... I didn't.”

Hannibal paused.

“I am fine, Will.”

“What did I do?” Will asked, twitching nervously. “I didn't want to. I didn't mean to, I think.”

“You did nothing wrong.”

“I...” Will bit his lower lip. Something wanted to come out of him, words that were burning his tongue, branded red in the soft matter of his brain. Words Hannibal wouldn't want to hear.

“I know you've heard that probably a hundred times now” he started, trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice. “But I– I...”

... so much. So fucking much it hurts, Hannibal. So fucking much we're talking to each other over the phone right now and I'm still missing you. How did I not notice before.

Ashen hair and brown eyes. Tired skin, dented nose, little wrinkles at the corner of his eyes; large, comforting hands. Tailored suits hiding the graceful body of a dancer. Under the pricy cologne, he smelled so good.

I can't not see you again . I just can't. I don't know how I will survive this.

He felt tears forming in his throat. He swallows them, and it hurts.

“Are you sure?” he interrupts himself. “Are you sure we can't meet at least once?”

It sounds almost like pleading.

“I am sorry, William.”

It sounds like he is. Concern and sorrow tainting the calmness of his voice.

“Just...” Nobody's going to call me William again.

Will frowns and closes his eyes, in pain.

Just once. In a public place. Anywhere you want. I need to see you. I need to see you .

Smell you. Touch you. Look at you until my eyes can't stand to stay open anymore.

Fuck, Hannibal, I...

He takes in a deep breath. “I wish you to be very happy” he says. “Very happy.”

Then, with a another sharp intake of breath, he hangs up.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I didn't update yesterday, visibly working doesn't allow me to be as regular as I want. I'll try updating each Friday then, it'll be easier for my tired self.

Alright so, the therapy's over. Sorry William, you'll have to find someone else to misguidedly fall in love with. Let's see; there was lesbian!Alana, then therapist!Hannibal... I suggest underaged!Abigail or Winston. Yeah, that should do it.

Dinner at the Lecter Mansion (part 1)

Chapter Summary

Will gets invited to one of Hannibal's dinner parties.

Chapter Notes

Only three chapters left! Try to behave, Willy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When, several months later, Alana told Will she'd been allowed to bring him at one of Hannibal's dinners, he was puzzled. He was even more surprised when she told him it was Mischa's idea.

“She thinks it could do you both good to see each other in a controlled environment. Her words. Don't look at me like that.”

Will discreetly bit on the side of his tongue, to check that he was not dreaming. He wasn't (and that fucking hurt).

Not as much as hearing Hannibal's name again, though.

“Why would Mischa I-Will-Gut-You Lecter want *me* near her dear brother?” he asked, trying to keep down the feelings of hope and fear that were both piercing his heart.

He'd tried so much to forget about him.

Alana tilted her head. “You know Hannibal closed his 'special' practice?”

Will blinked.

“What? Really?” He tried to think about it, which wasn't easy with a heart beating harder than a Metal Band drum-kit. “Well, that's some good news. At least I won't be worrying about him getting stabbed anymore. But what has it to do with *me*?”

“Mischa thinks you are partly to thank for that. That might be why she exceptionally invited you.”

Will frowned. “That's still weird. Wait a minute, *you know* something.”

“I might or might not have talked to her in your favour” Alana smiled.

Will swallowed, then sighed. He wasn't sure how to feel about it.

“You know, it's useless if Hannibal doesn't want me to come” he said.

“It's Mischa's party” Alana answered, “even though her brother will be cooking. She's allowed to invite whoever she wants to.”

Will shook his head.

“This still doesn't mean Hanniba— Dr Lecter wants me there.” He suddenly saw how true this statement was, and felt his heart sink.

It had taken him months to build up walls between him and the thought of that man. Months of day to day efforts to pretend he wasn't feeling ripped open and constantly slapped by angry waves of the salty ocean. He almost felt resentful of Alana for bringing this up.

“I can't go” he said, thinking he shouldn't anyway.

“What? Why!” she exclaimed in indignation. “You've been mourning him for seven months now! You have to do something about it.”

He had. He had gone to Hannibal's house, and ruined it all.

He thought about the man, graceful and neat in a perfect fit suit. Collected and quiet. Gentle.

His mouth soft and pliant under his.

Handling the fishing rod wrong.

He sighed and grinned queasily at Alana, correcting his previous sentence with a lie.

“I can't go, *because I have no idea what to wear*” he said.

She rolled her eyes.

“Nice suit, Will” Beverly told the man as he was fidgeting with his carefully curled hair on the doorstep of Lecter Mansion.

“Shut up, Bev'. You look exquisite by the way.”

“Would you stop flirting with my fiancée?” Alana scolded him, giving him a little tap on the hand. “You took off your glasses?”

“They're in, uh. My pocket. I should put them back on.”

He was stopped by an unison cry of “no”.

“You look cuter without them” Alana said. “And kinda harmless.”

“Thanks?” Will replied.

“Harmless will please Mischa” Alana reminded him.

“Uh, by the way, what are those?” Beverly asked, looking at the momentous bouquet the young man was carrying. “Woods? A Forest? The land of your ancestors?”

“It's, err. Roses, orchids and a lot of stuff I'm not sure about” Will answered. “They're for Mischa.”

“And I bet that bottle of wine is for Hannibal?”

“You'd have better luck switching the presents” Beverly said. “Especially since Hannibal is very fond of the Japanese art of arranging flowers. Ikebana or something. And before you ask, this is something I know because I read it in a book. I'm of Korean descent, not Japanese.”

“Uh” Will replied, a tad perplexed. “Okay.”

He was about to ask about the switching present bit when the door opened. Mischa smiled widely, greeting Alana and Beverly with open arms.

Will simply froze when he saw Hannibal.

“Oh, and you brought him too” Mischa said, noticing him. “And a whole garden, apparently.”

“I, uh. Th– this is for you” Will stammered, presenting her with both the flowers and wine at the same time, hoping she would choose herself.

“*Oh, un Sauternes!*” Mischa said in French with a smile as she took the bottle. “A really good choice, I like that. There, you should give the flowers to my brother. They'll do good in the entry hall, won't they, Hannibal?”

Will wasn't sure he wanted to give him the bouquet right now. It was just big enough to mask his massive blush.

“Damn, the man is red as a cherry” Mischa commented –ruining his cover. “It's alright sweetheart, I'll be nice to you tonight. Okay?”

Will stiffly walked across the doorstep, and handed the flowers over to Hannibal.

“Good evening, Will.”

“G'day, Hannibal” Will mumbled, avoiding his eyes as hard as he could.

“Hey, I don't get a present?” Abigail said from behind Beverly and Alana, who were getting off their coats.

“Abigail, don't be rude” Hannibal told her. “Forgive her, Will.”

“Not it's...” He fumbled to get a little box out of his pocket. “I hope you'll like it” he muttered, giving her the package.

“Oh, so I do actually get something” she said. “I was kinda joking. Thanks.”

She opened it to find an expensive silk scarf folded in it. She got it out, expressionless, then suddenly turned her heels and walked away.

Will paled a little. Now was totally not the time to mess it up.

A light hand landed for a second in-between his shoulder blades. “She's alright” Hannibal told him. “She doesn't like to get emotional in public.”

“Like her dad” Mischa said from the other side of the hall. “Do you have a coat, Will?”

He gave it to her.

“Thank you for the flowers” Hannibal said. “As well as the wine. That was very thoughtful of you.”

“Thanks for inviting me” Will replied, fidgeting with the side of his jacket.

“I need to go to the ladies” Beverly suddenly exclaimed, and in a second the three women had flown away like birds of a same flock, leaving Will alone with Hannibal in the hall.

Will felt suddenly very stiff.

“Uh, so. How are you doing?” he asked, avoiding to look in the man's general direction because he wasn't even sure he was actually allowed to talk to him.

“Well. I went back to regular therapy sessions only. How are you?”

Will wasn't sure.

“I manage” he said. “Actually, I'm better than I was before, you know, meeting you. But I've been a little down lately and, uh, hum. I'm fine.”

“Alana did a fine job helping you pick out this suit.”

Will had actually chosen that one, even though Alana *had* helped. He'd chosen deep blue because he had blue eyes, but now that he looked at Hannibal, in a complicated checkered three-piece-suit, he wasn't sure that had been a sound choice.

His eyes went up along the buttons of the jacket, rose towards the red tie with arabesques of gold and blue, stopped on the chin.

I can't get you out of my mind.

“I think I have never seen you that sharply dressed before” Hannibal told him. “I could get used to it.”

His lips were moving, so Will looked at them. Dark, curved.

He wanted to taste them.

He looked away.

“Do I know any of the people that'll dine here tonight?” he asked, thinking coming had been a terrible idea.

“You know Jack and Bella. There is also Doctor Chilton and his twin brother Alfredo, and Freddie Lounds –that reporter from Tattlecrime.com that my sister adores for some reason.”

Will swallowed. “Alright, I should go.”

Hannibal's hand had been on his arm for just an instant –a reflex– but it was enough incentive for Will to properly look at him.

The man wasn't saying a thing but his eyes were pleading.

“Should I get your coat?” Hannibal said, immediately looking away.

“Do you want me to stay?” Will asked, startled.

Hannibal hesitated. “Would you be able to stand it?” he eventually replied in a soft voice.

Will exhaled the breath he'd been retaining. He put a tentative hand on the side of Hannibal's arm.

The man stepped away. “I apologise, Will. This is selfish of me. Of course you shouldn't have to stay if you don't want to.”

“I want to stay” Will stated. Hannibal rose his eyes towards the blue ones. “You know I... I mostly came to see you, right?” he asked, scared because that might break the careful balance of tentative approaches they were building towards one another.

“I hoped so” Hannibal answered –and Will forgot how to breathe.

A voice called them from the dining room; Will shuddered. He followed Hannibal into a large, well lit room, where people were already sat at a long table.

Mischa, as the queen of the evening, had taken the head of the table; Alana and Beverly were sitting next to each other on her left. There was one spot left empty on her right, then Abigail, then another spot. Will naturally went to the one which was the farthest from Mischa.

“Come on Will, don't be silly” she said, and he found himself sitting next to her. “Abigail, be a darling and switch sits with your father; it will make for a more even table.”

Hannibal seemed almost as puzzled as Will about this, and he sat very slowly next to the young man, as if he was half expecting his chair to explode. Abigail sulked, because she had wanted to sit next to Will.

She leaned back into her chair and pulled on the collar of his suit. “How do you find our house?” she asked.

She was wearing the scarf he'd offered her.

“It's... big. And well decorated. I bet Hann... your dad had a hand in it.”

“Hey, I helped” she replied with a frown.

“Abigail, Will, please” Mischa called, expecting silence. “As you all know, we have many things to celebrate today. First, my brother finally learnt to make a soufflé which would not crumble on itself pitifully, and that is a grand début. Then, my wonderful niece came top of her class at the university, which is always pleasurable. And last but not least, my dear friends Alana and Beverly got engaged last month.”

There were several rounds of applause and congratulations at that last declaration, until Mischa raised a hand. “As always when celebrating, I turn to my vineyard and my brother's pantry to offer you a feast. I hope you will enjoy it, and I enjoin you to give a grateful thought to all the delicious beings we are about to eat. Bon appétit!”

Joyous banter and cutlery clicking welcomed this statement, as eleven diners started serving themselves.

“Do you want some wine, Will?” Hannibal asked, presenting him with the bottle he had brought himself.

“Uh, yes, please” he answered. “Is... do you know anyone here personally?”

Hannibal smiled. “I am not acquainted with Doctor Chilton's brother Alfredo. I merely got that he liked pies and olives. He's just passing by.”

“Uh.” Hannibal's closeness made him uncomfortable. He tried to pull away discreetly, and Hannibal immediately backed off.

“What about eating?” he asked. “Would you rather try meat, fish, or vegetables?”

Will looked around. “There's something that smells Cajun over there.”

Hannibal turned to Abigail, asking her to serve Will's plate as he was too far away to do it himself.

Meanwhile, Mischa, Alana and Beverly were discussing politics, and ignoring them.

“Hannibal?” Will whispered when the other handed him his plate.

“Hum?”

“Why do they keep bringing us together?”

Hannibal pondered. “Maybe they think we should talk.”

Will turned towards him. “I don't get it. Everybody until now has been telling me to avoid you. Especially Mischa.”

“Mischa has had a bad experience with some of my patients before.”

“Did she get stabbed too?”

Hannibal stilled, and Will sighed. “So, you're telling me Alana finally convinced her I wasn't as crazy as I looked, and that I could eat here from time to time?”

“I guess so.”

“That doesn't explain why I am sitting right next to you.”

Hannibal hesitated. “This is why I think they want us to talk.”

Will was thankful for all the noise everybody else was making while Hannibal and himself were talking low. “About what?” he whispered. “It's only been seven months, Hannibal. Did you think a little time would suffice to fix me up? That I would magically forget about you?”

Hannibal quietly put his forks and knife down. “I am sorry, William. I didn't mean to hurt you.”

“Why do you want me here anyway?” Will asked, shoving angrily a mouthful of pure Louisiana delight in his mouth. He suddenly remembered who had cooked that food.

Hannibal stood up, swiftly moving away through a nearby door.

“Damn, he can be stupid” Mischa sighed as he went. “Will, would you be a dear and help him with the cooking?”

“I'm sure he can manage” Will retorted, engulfing stubbornly fork after fork of a dish he knew had been prepared just for him.

“Will” Alana said gently from the other side of the table.

“You planned this” he told her angrily, betrayed. “You want me to talk to that man for whatever selfish reason of yours.”

“Will, darling” Mischa called. “See that door here? It's our drawing room. I want you to take a look around it. And remember that to a man like Hannibal, patients come first. That is about as much meddling as we can do without messing around. Now, I don't like you, but I love my brother. Go to that room, now.”

Will sighed, and for good measure wolfed down the rest of his fucking delicious dish.

Then he got up and went to the room. Which was fucking normal. Typical.

But he was alone, and that was an improvement. He would leave as soon as he had calmed down, he decided. In the meantime, he looked around, wondering if there was indeed something important hidden somewhere.

The place had nothing special, even though it was, obviously, tastefully decorated. There were precise framed engravings on the walls, and some of them staked on a table, which was a shame really, because why would someone buy that many drawings to merely pile them up on one another?

He browsed through some of them, out of curiosity (after all, the room was stashed with the stuff), and frowned when he recognised a face among the lot. It seemed like a very young Mischa, smiling with missing teeth. Then again, further away, Abigail looking surprised.

So, Hannibal could draw. What the hell couldn't he do.

He fumbled around a bit, deciding this had been what Mischa wanted him to see. He'd shallowly rummaged through one pile of drawings when he noticed a large folder stuck behind a heavy chest of drawers.

If Will had learnt anything at the FBI, it's that stuck folders were more interesting than unstuck ones. So he went to it and carefully wiggled it free. There was probably something in there that was going to solve it all. Prove that Hannibal actually loved Will and wanted to marry him, maybe carry his babies and go live in the countryside in order to raise puppies with him. Some sort of magical *deus ex machina*, but with charcoal.

Aaand of course, the folder was empty. Well, fuck Mischa.

Will was calm enough now to assess the situation; ignoring the rest of the drawings, he quietly went to the nearest window, opened it, and climbed out. Once in the back garden, he went around the house to silently open the main door, looking for his coat. He was so out of here.

Once dressed, he sent a last look towards the inside of the house. The door to the living room was closed, but he could hear water running in the kitchen. Knowing full well it was a bad idea, he snuck to it to sneak a peek, hoping to see Hannibal one last time.

He got lucky.

Chapter End Notes

My beta reader relevantly remarked "I'm confused – why does Mischa send him into the drawing room? I thought maybe he was going to find some drawings of himself. I don't

get what's happening in this scene". I rewrote it a bit since then.

In case it's still not clear enough, I'll tell you the anecdote: Will WAS going to find a drawing of the lake where he and Hannibal had first felt the shiver of love. But then I found it too easy and decided Will was going to jump out the window instead.

Which gave me the opportunity to write about Hannibal's... [spoiler]. Oh, and. Kinky smut's on the way.

Dinner at the Lecter Mansion (part 2)

Chapter Summary

What Hannibal thinks about this whole fiasco.

As soon as he'd reached the kitchen, his realm, Hannibal had seized a sponge and started cleaning up. The kitchen was mostly tidy, because he didn't allow his cooking sessions to turn into a mess, but scrubbing a shine into things away soothed him.

Obviously, he was thinking about Will.

That rude, shockingly beautiful young man who had stepped through the door of his office one evening.

Hannibal didn't take many patients for his 'special' sessions. He picked them up carefully amongst the number of applications that were sent to him through the website. He skimmed out the ones looking for prostitutes, as well as the sadistic and malignant few.

He tilted his head when he noticed someone who could do so much better in life if they were actually presented with the possibility of happiness.

Care, love, joy; everything is learned, and Hannibal knew teaching some people about it would open their eyes to a world of possibilities.

When the brilliant, wealthy FBI profiler Will Graham had submitted his application, he had put it away in the rejection file. Had it not been for the phone call Alana gave him a few hours later, Will Graham would have never stepped past his door.

But he did, horridly dressed yet gorgeous, with the most intriguing blue eyes and dark curls that made him look a tad like a kicked puppy. Had Hannibal had his looks, he would have easily attracted at least four times more clients.

Another thing, aside from this Renaissance like beauty, was that Will Graham was rude.

He called him a crook once or twice and repeatedly questioned his physical attractiveness (Hannibal was fully conscious few men could compare to what the young bad-mannered man saw each morning in his mirror, but it was not polite to mention such things to someone's face). He also ate like a famished pig and kept insisting that they would sleep together –as if Hannibal was some sort of pricey courtesan.

Mainly, he was a lonely man in constant pain. He couldn't rest well, because his job gave him nightmares, and when he was awake, his uncanny gift of empathy tortured the feelings out of

him. Like a lost child, he merely longed for attention and care, an anchor to guide him through the tormented insides of his mind. Very plain.

But there had been this fishing trip, under a grey sky, in a chilly breeze. William had relaxed. Out there, he was at home, safe, in control, stable. Able to find his own feelings and thoughts instead of the usual rumble of what people around him projected. He'd been nice, quite polite, even caring.

For a split instant, Hannibal' had envisioned himself on a regular date with a loved one.

He didn't use to think about it, because he had always had to care about Mischa after their parents' death, and now there was Abigail, whom he'd treated during her long stay at the hospital after her attack and eventually adopted.

He was too old to look for a lasting relationship anyway, and Abigail came first.

Yet for one moment, Will made him question that. Wonder if there was, after all, the possibility of love –turning around the table, making him the victim of his own game.

He'd remembered Will was his patient. Obviously, nothing could happen between them; that would be abusing his position of power over Will as his therapist.

Then Molly came around.

Will sounded so glad when he talked to him about her on the phone, so ready to jump right back on the saddle of life, and love the hell out of that woman. Hannibal had been genuinely glad that his patient had found his way. A job well done.

Afterwards, he'd cooked Abigail dinner, eaten with her, helped her do her homework. At bedtime, he'd tucked her into bed and kissed her goodnight, then gone back to his own room, changed into his pyjama and slid under the covers.

Then he'd done what he used to when his feelings became a nuisance: he'd cupped his hands over his face, and focused on breathing. In and out, in and out. Maybe for a few hours.

But it would pass. Will was gone, and Hannibal had to take care of Abigail.

And Will came back.

Heartbroken, but still lively, still ready to experience the world; he had luckily not retreated into his shell. He'd been a tad focused on his therapist, which was normal right after a break-up, as Hannibal represented stability to him. It was benign enough to ignore, or so Hannibal had thought.

Once back home, he'd reflected on the possibility of giving Will a referral though. But this would have been for his own benefit and possibly detrimental to his patient, so he decided to bear it for a little longer. Breath in, breath out.

As Will was stable enough, Hannibal used his less ethical tool on him, drugs that he would use along with suggestions and pleasurable experiences to extract childhood fears and long

forgotten traumas from his patients' psyche. There were usually two last sessions afterwards, one to investigate the results of this process, and another that took place exactly one year afterwards to check on the patient.

Normally, during the session, Hannibal would stay in his chair, or at the foot of the bed, give a carefully calculated amount of specific drugs to his patient, and talk them into feeling better.

He wasn't supposed to go sit next to Will on the bed, and he knew it. He wasn't supposed to touch him, and he knew it. He heard Will's voice, trying to persuade him to kiss him, and felt a chill run down his spine. Will Graham had been talking about love, and Hannibal had been foolish enough to listen to the words, succumb to their appeal. For a moment, he'd allowed himself to forget Will was his patient. To believe Will actually liked *him*.

He despised himself for it.

Worse even, he'd almost kissed Will. He'd leaned in, his hand on the other's chest, feeling his heart beat fast. He'd *almost* kissed Will.

Then he'd kissed his hand, trying to convey his true feelings then, trying to get rid of them entirely through that gesture, hating himself all the while.

He was a therapist to *help* people, not to take advantage of them.

It was his fault that Will had kissed him then. His fault that he'd be pulled and thrown on the bed, kissed like there was no tomorrow.

His fault it felt so good.

He'd tried to resume their session. Take back control. Help Will understand not everybody was going to leave him.

This wasn't making out, he'd decided, if he kept Will's interest at heart. If he used the situation to his advantage instead of letting it slip away. Play the role of a loved one, just as he had done during their very first meeting. Give Will a display of intimacy. "*What do you want?*"

It was Will, Will who was important, not him, never himself. His patients were like little Mischa; he needed to be strong for them to grow up happy. Will's chest felt so soft; he did his best to stroke him in the exact way Will would want it. He allowed himself to remember the feeling.

Then Will, ripping off the blindfold, saying nonsense about loving him. Breaking his heart unknowingly.

At least, he'd not actually messed up the therapy, and Will was more in power than he'd even felt to be.

Hannibal was tired, and maybe that was why, why he didn't see it coming –why he'd been too slow to prevent it. He had not excuses for after, for when he foolishly reacted to the kiss. For

when he responded. For when he slid his arms around Will.

He'd managed to get away, to resume their session, shaken. Nothing he'd done afterwards had seemed right. Habit is what saved him.

But Will kept calling after him. It sometimes happened, although patients usually babbled the names of their loved ones instead; but Will was so insistent that Hannibal could feel his own mind crack during the session. Despising his work as a therapist. His breach in personal ethics. Condescending on his inappropriate feelings for a man in his care. And, worst of all... feeling a needle of bitter joy bite his heart each time his name passed Will's lips.

Obviously, the young man was driven by the stability and comfort Hannibal had offered him. They had become friendly after all, but Hannibal was still ten years older than Will, and clearly not someone the boy found very attractive. But it happened at times that patients would focus on the person that had most recently provided them with affection, so Hannibal brushed it aside.

He had cooked some Cajun cuisine that night, allowing himself to imagine Will would try it someday. Harmless daydream.

As he'd put the dish aside and taken off the plates and glasses for his, Mischa and Abigail's dinner, he had suddenly seen what he had been denying all that time.

Will empathised strongly with whomever he connected with. His fixation on Hannibal was not natural at all; it had been provoked. Hannibal's own feelings had transpired into Will's therapy.

Tainting it, abusing it.

Hannibal had decided to sit on the kitchen floor then, and cupped his hands over his face.

He shouldn't have, because Abigail and Mischa were hungry enough to come in and find him doing just that.

After the incident at the charity, he had to tell them about his mistake. After all, he had done enough damage to the young man as it was; Will didn't need to be shamed for it on top of that. It was of course agreed to immediately terminate Will's therapy. Hannibal had insisted on doing it face to face, but Mischa recommended against it.

He'd called Alana to inform her of his mishap, hoping she would care for the young man until his misplaced empathic feelings of love would fade. She had been tactful enough not to shame him.

He'd closed his secondary practice. One collateral damage was one too much.

He'd pretended to be alright and went on as usual.

Several months later, his little sister had cornered him in the kitchen as he was dicing up pepperonis.

“I talked to Alana today” she'd say. “Of many things, of course, but what struck my interest is that Graham guy you're still hung up on.”

Hannibal didn't want to talk about him. He cut a tomato in half. “I am working, Mischa.”

“Did you even consider the possibility that he might have actually fallen for you?”

Mischa was very clever, but not alway.

“Of course not” he told her. “I was his therapist. He was supposed to look up to me. I misfired.”

“Well, Al doesn't seem to thing so” his sister replied. “She's convinced me to invite him to our next dinner party. You better talk to him then.”

Hannibal had pondered. The prospect to see Will again was unreasonable, but appealing.

“He won't come. He doesn't like this kind of social gathering.”

“You have not been his therapist for months. Alana says he's a decent guy, and the fact that he stopped bothering us and didn't stab you in the leg makes me alright with you approaching him at less than ten meters. Plus, I know you've been crying or whatever you do behind your hands. I don't like that.”

“I don't cry” Hannibal said, thinking he'd better come with another, less obvious coping mechanism.

He was thinking that right now. The sink was clean, the work surface cleaner, and chopping something would be insane considering the amounts of food still waiting in the fridge.

Don't put your hands over your face. Breath in. Breath out. Don't put your hands over your face.

Hannibal was good at self control. He'd worked on it since childhood, because he couldn't let Mischa see him crumble like a baby while she had no-one else to rely on. But she'd grown, and pretending he was taking an instant nap when he covered his face didn't work anymore.

He *had* to come up with something less obvious.

He inhaled, tried to calm down, composed his face in a still, stone like mask. For obvious reasons, he forced himself to stop blinking, not to hide his face, breathing in, and out, in again. His weakened legs almost brought him down.

He couldn't cry. He wasn't allowed to cry. He *had* to be strong again.

It's just, it was a bit hard sometimes.

His knuckles were white on the fists he was tightening on the counter.

Then he felt a hand, soft on the side of his arm, and for a split moment of terror, he thought it was Mischa's.

But the eyes were blue.

Reunion in a pantry

Chapter Summary

I promised kinky sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal straightened up, trying to arrange his hair, looking away. “I slipped.”

“You think I'd fall for that?” Will mocked, but gently.

“You are leaving” Hannibal said, noticing the young man was wearing his coat.

“I was. But then I noticed you had wobbly legs and thought I might lend a hand.”

Hannibal breathed in. Out, slowly. “I am glad you are doing all right.”

“To be fair, I drink a lot. But you don't have that luxury, with a daughter to look after and all.”

Hannibal's eyes rose slowly towards Will: blue suit, grey tie, pink lips.

“You're not wearing glasses” he stated, although it was more of a question.

“Alana thinks it makes me look less threatening.”

He could feel Hannibal's breath on his cheek.

Will was so close to him now; it was unsettling. “I must apologise” Hannibal said, calmly.

“For what?” Will asked, a little taken aback. In his surprise he backed down a little.

“I lied to you” Hannibal stated, looking unfazed –but Will saw him swallow. “I know why my sister invited you tonight. She wanted me to tell you–”

He paused. Looked away for a moment. “I wanted to tell you that I am sorry” he said.

Will seemed puzzled. “About what?” he asked, starting to fear another rejection.

“I didn't do my work properly” Hannibal answered. “I... hum. This is difficult.”

He inhaled, deeply. Will was starting to feel angry again. “You'd better spit it out” he snapped, irritated at the idea of having been dragged all the way there just to hear another goodbye.

Fear made him rude.

“You are an empath” Hannibal started, and Will sighed. “Get to the point, Hannibal.”

Hannibal swallowed again, then carefully crafted his next sentence in his mind, that he delivered quietly. “I am afraid you caught on feelings foreign to your own” he said. “I didn't notice until it was too late. I should have put an end to your therapy sooner, and as a result you got hurt. I wanted to apologise for that. I thought... I thought telling you this might help you overcome the feelings that have been bothering you those past months. Alana told Mischa you weren't well.”

Will didn't answer, stunned.

“I am not asking you to forgive me” Hannibal added, probably misinterpreting his silence. “And I would help you get my feelings out of your mind –but I believe I did enough damage.”

Hannibal looking away was probably a grand display of him feeling miserable.

He straightened up and brushed his jacket swiftly. “Do you want to discuss the issue?” he asked, partly hoping this wasn't the case.

Will couldn't believe what he'd just heard. “No” he answered.

The older man nodded slightly. “Maybe we could go back to the dining room” he suggested in a low voice. “Unless you're still going.”

“Oh I'm not going” Will said, taking a step forward so Hannibal would bump into the counter as he recoiled to avoid him.

Strangely ashamed, Hannibal's eyes met his –confident and *hungry*.

“Will, you're not–”

“I am” he answered softly, knowing his own breath would now be on the other's lips.

He leaned in a little more, so his mouth would ghost over Hannibal's. Close enough to share warmth, still too removed to touch.

He snaked his fingers around the older man's neck, slid them in his hair. Ashen blond. So soft.

“This is not–”

“It is” he answered in a very low voice, conscious of how much his words were affecting the older man. He could feel his shortened breath on his partly opened lips.

Tentatively, Hannibal pressed his palms on either side of Will's waist; then, gaining confidence that Will was alright with it, he moved them up towards the dark curls.

Will pressed their mouths together, pushed Hannibal so he would rest against the counter.

Hannibal's surrender was instantaneous, and complete; he closed his eyes, opened his mouth to Will's, didn't silence any of his moans or gasps or pleading whines.

Will's mind was racing. There were two things on it then: kissing Hannibal, and securing the man somewhere safe.

It took him less time to guide them to the storeroom than to notice it. He switched on the lights and closed the door, pushed a crate in front of it with his foot.

The noise took Hannibal out of his kiss induced haze, and he blinked at seeing where they were. "What are you doing?" he asked, or rather sighed, utterly dishevelled and high on relief and joy.

"Securing you" Will muttered, noticing the built-in shelved room was so large and high an aluminium ladder was used to reach the higher shelves. He took off his tie and pushed Hannibal against the ladder, tying up one of his hands to it near his head.

"What are you doing?" Hannibal repeated, with a tad more concern.

Will distracted him with a kiss and took the other's tie to secure Hannibal's other hand.

"That's pure silk, Will" Hannibal protested, doing little to fight back, curious to see where this was going. He pondered a second about his safety, as he pulled carefully on the knots. Will had learnt some efficient tying up tricks from the FBI.

"Should I be concerned?"

Will wrapped himself around Hannibal's chest. "I need to know you're not going anywhere."

He kissed him under the ear. "I will untie you, obviously."

He sighed, and felt his heartbeat steady, his anxiety recede. "I missed you so much."

Hannibal brought his forehead to Will's. "Me too."

The other smiled, kissed him again. "Can I get kinky?"

Hannibal's eyes widened. "Will. We are having a dinner party."

"No, *they* are having a dinner party. *We* are having each other. And I won't give you a chance to go all therapeutic on me; this time, I'll take care of you. Okay?"

Hannibal pulled gently on his bonds, his lips thin. "This is a bit weird."

Will couldn't help a smile. "We have done weirder." He kissed him.

When Hannibal's face and neck weren't enough for his lips anymore, he opened and pushed aside Hannibal's vest, under-jacket and shirt.

“What are you, an onion?” he asked as he was halfway through the shirt. “Please tell me you don't have an undershirt too.”

Whatever Hannibal answered, he didn't hear because his fingers got caught in a tuft of bushy hair chest that he had not expected.

“I hope you're not too disappointed” Hannibal murmured, noticing his surprise. He remembered vividly Will wishing for a smooth chested lover.

“You're kidding” Will said, nuzzling the curls with the tip of his nose. “It's so fuzzy! I love it.”

He slid his arms around Hannibal's bared waist and hid his head in the little nest of his chest, then rubbed against it playfully. “You're like, not my ideal of a man at all” he said. “But that's because my ideal of a man is total bullshit compared to you.” He pressed his palms to Hannibal's stomach. “And you're so fit! How come you're so fit?”

Hannibal swallowed, made slightly uncomfortable by Will's comments. “Mischa teaches martial arts and self-defence at the FBI. I follow her classes on a regular basis.”

“You're doing good work at it, too” Will murmured, mouthing Hannibal's belly and caressing it with spread fingers.

He was almost kneeling at this point, and had to pause and take a break to breathe deeply and calm himself.

“Will?” Hannibal called with concern, pulling again on his ties to test their strength. “Are you alright?”

Will got up, kissed him on the cheek, and nested himself around the bonded body. “I'm, uh. A bit too enthusiastic about what I'm uncovering” he explained. “Truth is, I had no idea I could find you even more attractive than I did, but I was wrong...” He nibbled on Hannibal's earlobe. “Can I go on?” he asked. “Undressing you?”

Hannibal pondered. He felt quite exposed already.

“Won't you untie me, then?”

“Not now” Will replied. “If I do that, you'll be all over me and I won't be able to focus on what I want to do –kiss every single bit of you. I'll unbind you when I'm sure you'll be good.”

“I'm always good.”

Will chuckled. “Says the former sort-of sex therapist.”

“Will...” Hannibal sighed. “I was not giving orthodox sessions, but sex therapy *doesn't* imply having sex with your therapist.”

The young man looked startled. “What. Really?”

Hannibal rose his brows.

“Oh.” Will seemed genuinely taken aback. “Why didn't you say so! I kept talking about sexing you up!...” He blushed. “You must have found me terribly irritating.”

“That you ended up more satisfied through being cared for than through sexual intercourse was more telling than any explanation” Hannibal answered.

“You sly bastard” Will whispered, smiling. He brought the tip of his nose to Hannibal's. “But now, look who's caught up in that web of lies...”

He got Hannibal's belt and pant undone and pulled them slightly down, enough to give his fingers way to the man's underwear.

“This is getting embarrassing” Hannibal commented, tight-lipped.

“I bet I can do worst” Will replied, squatting down to get Hannibal's shoes and socks off.

He carefully put them away, conscious the man could very well get distracted by a lack of care on that aspect. “I bet I can do *indecent*.”

His fingers grabbed at Hannibal's pants and pulled them down in a slow, spider like motion, so the man could see the fabric gradually reveal his thighs. Will kissed the inside of Hannibal's leg and the older man bit his lip, closing his eyes and then looking up to avoid the sight of the boy crouched at his feet.

Then Will yanked down the rest of the clothes; the sudden fresh air on his skin almost paralysed Hannibal's body.

Will got up and carefully pressed his whole, fully clothed self on the half naked man.

“You've not even taken your coat off!” Hannibal protested in a strangled voice, feeling his heartbeat rise and a flush creep on his throat.

The younger man smiled, a beautiful sight on his rosy lips, and took one side of his coat on each hand, pressing them against Hannibal's sides, enclosing them both in the thick fabric.

“Do you feel less exposed?” he whispered, delighted to notice that, for once, he was not the one taken by queasiness.

Hannibal's breathing had sped up dramatically.

“I could do more to you” Will murmured. “I want to do more to you.” His hands dropped the coat and went back to caressing Hannibal's body all over.

“I knew you liked to be in control” Hannibal commented, “but your application never hinted towards you being so playful.”

“It's because now my application only wears a word on it, and it is your name” Will whispered with a sly smile. He slid both hands inside Hannibal's underwear, and the man

hissed.

“Is that a hint of perspiration I notice on your forehead, Doctor?” Will mused as he was gently massaging the underwear off the other's body.

Hannibal looked at the blue, bright eyes and that joking smile. Curls everywhere like on the head of a painted cherub. He leaned in, trying to reach his lips with his own mouth, but Will evaded him.

“Kiss me” he asked. Will chuckled and bit his neck, then sucked on the bite. “Will! Will, please... *kiss me.*”

Will slowly got one of Hannibal's legs up, maintaining it crooked against his hip, so he would get the underwear definitively out of the way. Then he leaned to nibble at his knee, kissed him down to his ankle, pressed his lips on the top of his curling foot.

Hannibal's breath was ragged. He closed his eyes tight when Will let go of his leg to spread his thighs wide apart, the heavy fabric of his coat scratching lightly at the fragile skin. He heard himself moan, and tried desperately to grab the ladder with his tied hands.

Both of Will's hands were on his most sensitive area, and he cursed.

Will kissed him.

It took maybe a couple of minutes for the tied man to reach completion.

“I see that you are very enthusiastic too, Doctor Lecter” Will whispered to him in a hoarse voice.

He had tissues in the pocket of his coat, so he cleaned the man up to avoid messing his own suit; it would be embarrassing to explain the stains.

He kissed gently Hannibal's brow, and covered him once more with his own body to keep him warm. With one hand, he fumbled to untie him.

“You're not... You haven't...” Hannibal was mumbling.

“Maybe next time” Will smiled, cuddling against the slightly wider man. A freed arm slid around his back, safe, comforting, familiar.

“I want you too” Hannibal protested. “I want *you*, too.” His other arm embraced Will with care and soft caresses. He kissed the dark curls, the side of Will's temple.

“Uh, I knew you wouldn't let me pleasure you freely” Will whined, scratching Hannibal' side gently.

“I want to do something. You are... You...ah.”

Will chuckled, and kissed him on the cheek. “I am ready to refute any argument you have concerning me getting off right now. I want today to be about you.”

The older man hesitated.

“Take me” he said in a low voice, almost inaudible.

Will frowned, looked at him. Blue, beautiful eyes.

“You sure?” he asked, startled. “Because I’m not sure I’m ready to refute *that*.”

Maroon eyes reaching to confirm.

“Fuck” Will said.

He slid both arms behind the other's back, arching him beautifully to mouth at his chest. Hannibal's hands grabbed both sides of the ladder as he moaned.

Will had been quite in control of himself until then, but the sound sent electricity running along his spinal cord.

He confusedly reviewed the contents of his wallet, and checked around to grab a bottle of sunflower oil.

He distracted Hannibal with bites and kisses to hide the practicality of his actions, unaware that he could scent most of what was going on around him.

The young man wanted to go as slowly and carefully as he could, but the other's groans and hurried motions made it difficult to think. Will eventually figured out that Hannibal was trying to prevent that he pleased him with fingers only, as he had intended.

“You're going to get hurt” he gently told him, sliding the fingers of his free hand in the ashen blond hair. “Let me do it. I won't stop at that.”

Hannibal didn't seem very convinced, but slowed down. Will could finally take the time to properly kiss him as he was massaging him into relaxation. Hannibal's breath eventually evened, and the man started to let out light moans of pleasure.

It felt like they were the only people alive.

“Can you?... Now?” Hannibal asked, pressing his damp forehead against Will's own wet curls.

Will fumbled for his pocket then adjusted himself close to the other man.

“Can I?” he asked, and Hannibal kissed him.

He took an infinite amount of caution and time to settle in, then stilled, embracing Hannibal closely, feeling his body tense up and relax in successive waves against him.

Then Hannibal wrapped his arms tightly around his shoulders and enclosed Will's waist with naked legs, weighting on him just a little to take more in. Will held him with a hand, supporting himself on the ladder with his other arm.

He felt like an athlete about to run for the olympics. He grabbed one of the steps of the ladders with tensed fingers and gently switched his hips, searching like he had done with his fingers, asking Hannibal to indicate the best position for him.

They barely moved, sticking to each other with sweat, slowly regaining control of their breath.

“There” Hannibal whispered against his ear. “Like that.”

Will slightly withdrew his hips to confirm the spot. “Here?”

“Almost. You had it.”

Hannibal must have sensed Will's exhaustion at supporting his full weight and went back at gripping the ladder with both hands. “You're soaked” he murmured, tired brown eyes hid behind hooded lids.

“You're drenched” Will answered, kissing him gently.

They pressed against each other again, wrapped on one another like atoms trying to achieve nuclear fusion. “Here” Hannibal said again, and this time Will angled right.

The other moaned gently and Will repeated his gesture, softly, tiredly, surrounded by warmth and care like in a cocoon. A hand reached his hair, pulled on the damp, dark curls.

“Will” Hannibal whispered. “Will.”

He arched his back like grass bows under the breath of wind and kept repeating William's name as if it were a precious word. Will kept going, exhausted, in shallow, gentle motions, like soft kisses, Hannibal's heels pushing on the back of his thighs, until the man's body bent in shock, flooded by pleasure, with a cry.

Hannibal panted heavily, eyes unfocused, but then tightened his grip around Will's body, whispering. “Now, my love. Now you take your pleasure.”

Will gasped, his tiredness suddenly ruled away by another rush of desire, and he gripped firmly Hannibal's hips to downright start fucking him like he'd long dreamed to.

It took him a long time to come down afterwards, dizzy with bliss and tiredness.

They sank down, Will on his knees, the rest of him wrapped around Hannibal's upper body, the other man's back leaning on the ladder, both arms limp on his sides, palms turned upward, with folded legs on each side of Will's coat.

That's when Will noticed the crate he'd pushed against the door was not pressing against it anymore, and that Abigail was looking at them with widened eyes.

“What *the fuck* are you doing to my dad?”

Chapter End Notes

Will Will get murdered by Mischa? Will Hannibal ever be able to get up again? Can I eat two dozen cookies at once? You'll know the answer to four of those questions on the next chapter! (either on Wednesday or Friday, depending on the time I'll have).

One a side note, I don't like reading on a computer so I'll be printing a book out of some of my fics (mainly the Delirium series, Framed and Living Happy for now) because I tend to re-read them a lot (I wouldn't write them if I wouldn't read them) and because it'll be a nice souvenir of that time I used to write about two murderers making out. If anyone's interested in getting a link to the final copy just let me know and I'll send you a link to it once I'm done / keep you updated in the notes of my next fic (the next one is about the Murder Family. Mischa's alive. Hannibal's still a cannibal. They're all students and Will's damn horny). Also, I might turn it into an e-book because e-books are free and I love you girls and I know what it's like to be not rich.

Partie de campagne

Chapter Summary

"Partie de campagne": old fashioned French way of saying "we're going out to picnic".

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There is one very obvious reason why fucking in a public room of a house full of people is a bad idea, Will discovered as the blond haired head of Mischa Lecter appeared through the doorstep of the pantry, right next to a very shocked Abigail.

Remembering his lover was mostly naked, Will quickly shed off his coat and tied its sleeves around the bare waist. There was also the fact that, even though going limp, part of him was still buried inside the man's flesh.

He could feel an embarrassed blush spread fast across his cheeks.

Still caught in the bliss of the aftermath, Hannibal sighed, moving lazily to wrap his arms around Will's shoulders, mouthing at his jaw.

"Hannibal, your, err. Sister and, well, uh."

The older man mumbled, probably aware of the situation, most certainly uncaring.

And now Alana was at the door.

"Oh gods" she said, and quickly diverted her eyes. "What the heck, Will!"

That gave him the courage to get annoyed. "Yeah well, if you could all stop staring at us like dead fish, maybe we could find time to put ourselves together!"

He heard Hannibal chuckle against his shoulder.

Mischa pushed Abigail out of the pantry and went straight to them –Will instinctively wrapped himself around the other man, ready to defend his prize with teeth and nails.

She ignored him, and shook her brother by the shoulder. "Hannibal? Hannibal, hey! Are you alright?"

Hannibal shivered, looked at her with hazy eyes, then turned to kiss Will and babbled something unintelligible.

"He's a bit sleepy" Will excused him.

“Shut up” Mischa said. “I want you out of here in twenty seconds, or I'll be coming for you myself. Is that clear?”

Will would have retorted something icky, but then he remembered this was a girl who taught how to beat up other people for a living. “Okay” he reluctantly agreed.

As soon as everyone was out and the door of the pantry refolded, he cleared out of Hannibal and straightened his pants. The older man was definitively falling asleep.

As he was covered in sweat, Will hesitated to dress him back up, and finally decided to unclothe him completely and button him in his long, dry coat instead.

“Maybe you should take a shower” he said. He certainly felt like it.

“What I want is to sleep” Hannibal muttered tiredly. “Do you think they will let me take a nap?”

“Probably. That would give them time to hide the body.”

Hannibal chuckled and slowly got up, taking in the mess of clothes sprinkling the floor.

“I feel depraved” he stated, wiping up sweat from his brow.

Firm knocking on the door.

“Would you open, Will? I wish to collect my clothes before leaving.”

Will complied, and made a face when he noticed the shocked / resenting / coldly angered faces that greeted him. Before any of them could comment on anything, Hannibal was casually passing by Will to get in the kitchen, wearing only the thick coat and carrying his masterly folded clothes as if getting jumped passionately in a room made for storage was the plainest event ever.

“I will take a shower now” he said. “Would you have one too, William?”

The younger man tried to answer, but words got caught in his throat, so he simply jumped behind him and followed him around the house, avoiding everyone else's eyes.

The shower was wide enough for two (or four), and they cleaned up in silence, a bit slowed down by the fact that they couldn't stop cuddling.

Afterwards, Hannibal looked around for a decent suit that Will could wear, and a change of clothes for himself. Though after a while, they gave up on ever getting out of the bedroom again and decided to snuggle under Hannibal's sheets instead, wrapped around one another like a quesadilla over melted cheese.

It might have been six am when they slowly woke up, but neither wished to let go of the other so they kept hugging and nibbling on each other until eight, when Hannibal decided it was time for him to get back in a sharp suit and comb his messy hair.

Will pouted, but dressed up nonetheless in a clean shirt and pants Hannibal lent him.

Hannibal was already almost done with the preparation of scrambled eggs when Will joined him in the kitchen –Abigail greeted him with an expressionless face and a gaze like blades.

“Good morning” he greeted, a tad nervously at her cold welcome. “Is your Aunt still here?”

“She has classes to teach” the young girl answered casually. “But she'll be back to kick your ass by midday.”

“Nobody's getting scolded” Hannibal replied, approaching to fill her plate with the most delicious smelling eggs ever. “I apologise for the state you found us in yesterday Abigail. It was most rude of us to partake in such activities in a public place. But you have to understand that William is not leaving.”

“Well, I have my dogs” Will said. “I have to take care of them.”

Hannibal frowned.

“Unless you're alright with me bringing them here” Will remarked. “Your house is closer to the FBI than mine anyway.”

“*You're moving in?*” Abigail startled, putting down her fork.

“Hum, no” Will twitched, looking at Hannibal with embarrassment. “But I can't leave my dogs alone for too long.”

“You can bring your dogs over this evening, and stay for the week-end” Hannibal stated. “Our garden is large enough I think.”

Will relaxed a little at that. “Or, you could come to my house” he pointed out.

“I will not leave Abigail” Hannibal replied, and Will chuckled.

“So, I'd better bid countryside week-ends goodbye” he smiled, amazed at how easy it was to imagine spending his free time here.

“Dad” Abigail frowned. “You two are moving way too fast.”

“I spent seven months feeling miserable because I thought I would never see him again, and almost believing I was some sort of pathetic mess maddened by a lack of affection” Will replied, taking a mouthful of delicious scramble. “This is not moving fast, it's making up for wasting so long.”

Hannibal kissed him on the top of the head before sitting next to him on the table, facing Abigail.

“I do agree with my daughter” he said. “We are not being very reasonable. Although, I do agree with you, too” he added, kissing his cheek. “I suppose seeing each other on a regular basis would be a good start.”

“We'll have to compare agendas” Will said, nibbling on a bit of sausage. “My teaching schedule is quite loose, and I bet you have time too around your therapy sessions. We could see each other during day-time in Baltimore.”

“I would very much like that” Hannibal smiled –Abigail rolled her eyes up.

“So what?” she said. “That's going to be my life now? Being afraid of opening the door to my closet?”

“I told you that will not happen again” Hannibal answered.

She pouted. “Or maybe you would just keep it for the FBI quarters. I bet Jack's face would be priceless.”

Will chuckled, and even Hannibal couldn't repress a smile as he got up to refill the carafe.

“So” Abigail whispered in a plotting tone, leaning over the table towards Will. “How was it like?”

He almost choked on his eggs and looked at her with widened eyes. “I am not telling you about your father's sex life!” he murmured in shock.

“Oh, so you'd rather *show* me?” she remarked –Will blushed.

As Hannibal was coming back, she rose her voice to average levels: “You'll be bringing your dogs over, huh?”

“I hope you're not allergic” he replied, fine with entering her game.

Somewhere in the house, a faint ringing attracted Hannibal's attention.

“I believe this is your cellphone, William” he said, putting the carafe on the table.

“Yeah, I better take it, it's probably work.”

“As you wish” Hannibal answered, sitting back, slightly tensed up at the idea that Will might be called out to investigate.

“I'll be right back.”

As he was exiting the room, Will heard Abigail ask Hannibal *how it had been*, and couldn't repress a smile.

“Hi, Jack? What is it?” Will asked, suddenly reminded there was a world outside the safe, cosy cocoon of Lecter Mansion.

“Hello Will. I hope you're feeling better.”

Will frowned, but then guessed Mischa had had to come up with an excuse to his and her brother's disappearance of last night.

“Yeah, I'm fine. What is it?”

“I'm looking for the Gerry Miller case file, the one you asked for last week?”

“Uh, that? I gave it to Price, he needed it to check out something in the lab.”

“What, the shoelaces? If that's it, he found dirt from the woods of Maryland—”

“For gods' sake Jack, it's *Saturday*! I don't want to be thinking of a case right now.”

He could feel the weight of Jack's disapproval over the phone.

“Alright” Crawford finally complied. “But I want you on this first thing on Monday. Is that understood?”

Will was feeling the familiar knot of hurt and anxiety swelling in his stomach again. Pictures of bloody corpses and the mind of serial killers, like death traps closing around his head.

He rubbed his right eye with the heel of his palm. “Why are you calling me on a Saturday, Jack?”

“Why, does it suddenly bother you?”

And then, Will realised he *was* annoyed –annoyed that his painful, mind-torturing life was already catching up with him.

No, not life.

His job.

“I quit” he said, not even pausing to think about it.

Jack silenced.

“What are you saying, Will?” he started –the young man knew where the man was heading already.

“I quit.”

He hung up.

“Who was it?” Abigail asked when she saw Will come back.

Hannibal turned to look at him, trying to read on his features if Will had been called away on a case or not. “Was it Jack?”

“Yes” Will answered, putting both of his hands on Hannibal's shoulders and kissing the top of his head. “Now that I think of it, it's a bit pitiful that you've already guessed the one person who would call me on a week-end is my boss.”

“Well, he's a big, barking dog” Abigail said, stuffing herself with home-made fruit salad. “Maybe that's why you let him boss you around.”

“Abigail” Hannibal said in disapproval. He looked at Will. “Do you have to go?”

“No” Will comforted him, sitting back in his chair. “I'm free as a bird. To you want to do something in particular today?”

Hannibal was still suspicious. “What about tomorrow?”

“I want to see Aunty turn Will into mashed pudding” Abigail replied, and Hannibal frowned at her.

“Tomorrow, we could go fishing” Will said. “Assuming that the both of you spend the night at my home, meet the pack.”

“I dislike fishing” Hannibal reminded him, “but a walk in fresh air could do Abigail and I good.”

“I'm alright if we take the doggies” Abigail said. “But no screwing my dad.”

“I was thinking of having a picnic” Will said. “Like, a *partie de campagne*, if that's the term. Fishing would really be the 'as we're already near a pond' part of the deal.”

He knew he had Hannibal at “picnic”, when he saw the man's eye brighten with interest.

“I could prepare something handy” he stated, probably already imagining himself re-inventing sandwiches.

Will smiled and stroke the other's cheek gently.

“No screwing” Abigail reminded them. “And, Will has to buy me a present.”

Hannibal rose his brow.

“For burning my eyes in horror” she recalled. “*You* don't have to” she told her dad. “You make me dinner.”

Will smiled. “Fair enough. What do you want?”

“Will” Hannibal warned him.

“I want a bike” Abigail said.

“Our garden is too small for you to ride a bicycle” her dad told her. “And the road to university is too dangerous for it.”

“I have a bike” Will said. “It's a bit old and rusty, but my house is basically standing in a field, so there would be no danger for her there.”

Hannibal considered Will's offer, then turned to Abigail. “I would be fine with that” he said.

“Okay, but since the bike isn't new, you'll have to show me how to ride it” Abigail added quickly –Will chuckled.

“Deal” he said; then he turned to Hannibal to kiss him on the cheek. “Your daughter's very sharp.”

“I am a proud father” Hannibal commented, leaning into the kiss.

“Can Auntie come too?” Abigail asked.

“We'll see” her father said. “If she behaves.”

He got up, and both Will and Abigail helped him clear up the table.

“Are you sure Jack won't call you for an emergency?” Hannibal asked Will as they were left to clean the dishes. “I would dislike for this outing to be cut short.”

“Jack isn't the boss of me anymore” Will told him, wrapping his hands around the other's waist. “I told him I'd rather be a selfish, happy man than a miserable insane hero.”

Hannibal seemed surprised.

“Well, you stopped that weird sort-of sex therapy thing you did” Will pointed out, a tad defensive.

“I am not criticising your choice. I actually think that was the right decision.”

“That makes both of us” Will said, kissing the other's neck.

Hannibal smiled and, for once since he couldn't remember when, Will thought that he might have an actual chance of living happy.

Chapter End Notes

Congratulations! You just read a 10 chapters story that could be summed up as “How Will Graham quit his job”. (Yeah I know. I realized it after finishing the story.)

Thanks for all who followed, and for my lovely commenters! You're all awesome.

I've been working on a new fic, and here's a promo for the ones who're interested. You shall read it in that voice they use at the end of the episodes, because it fun. *Ahem*
"Next, on Hannibal: the Murder Family returns with Papannibal as a caretaker of three, Will Graham Cracker as a troubled young man, Abigail Hobbs as her sassy self, Mischa Lecter as a pouty baby. Dark, twisted and deliciously sexy. Don't miss it next week, on Hannibal!"

(That being said, that last episode was aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

*

On another note, here's a (obviously free) ebook for anyone who'd want it >
<http://www.lulu.com/shop/hyphen-l/living-happy/ebook/product-21646900.html>

I mostly did it because I have fun putting too much efforts in things. Also, making an ebook is weird. I hope it works though, I didn't test it.

Cheers!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!